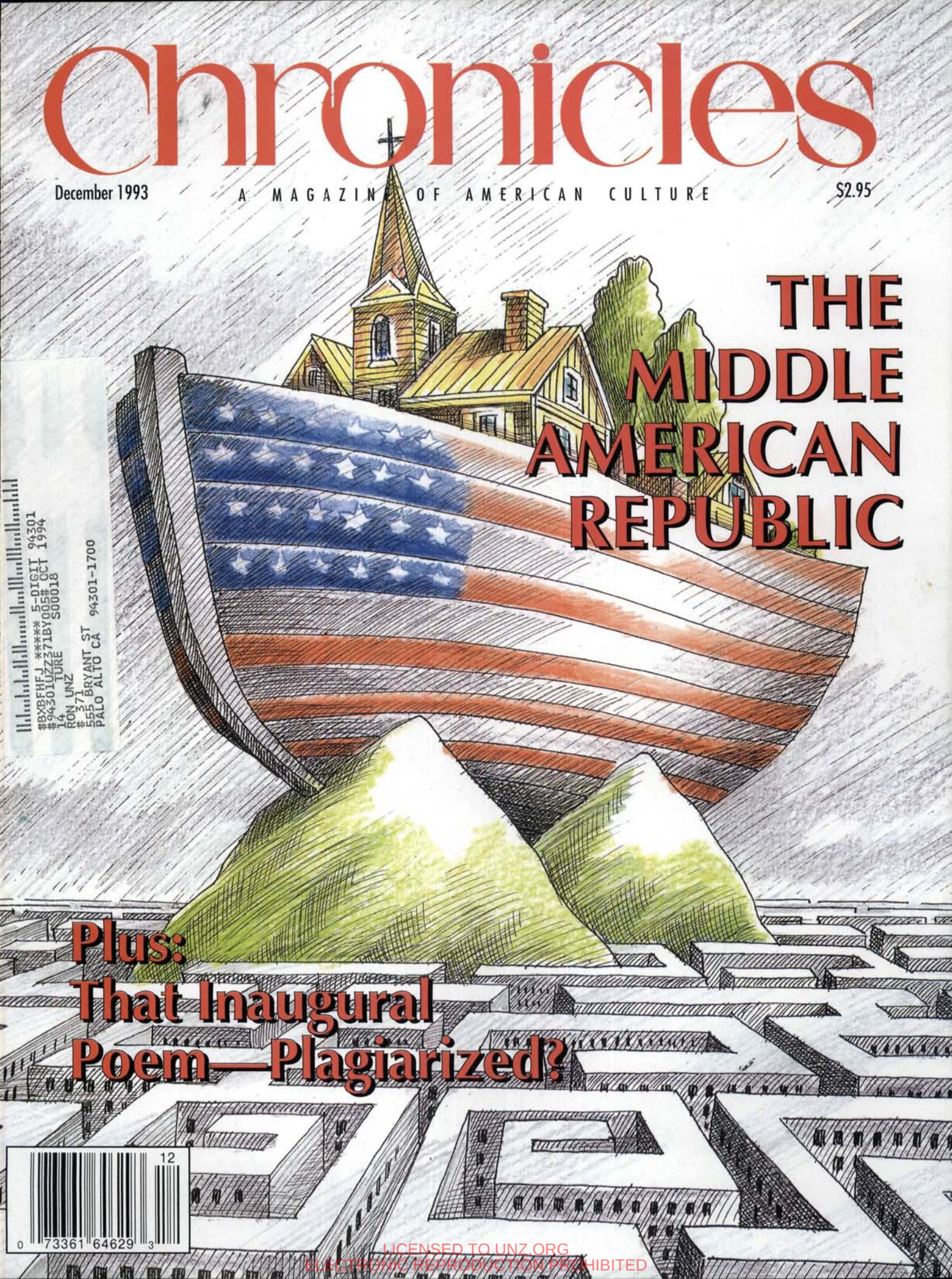
Chronicles

December 1993

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

$2.95



THE MIDDLE AMERICAN REPUBLIC

Plus: That Inaugural Poem—Plagiarized?

#BXBFHFJ ***** 5-DIGIT 94301
#94301UZZ371BY005# OCT 1994
14
RON UNZ
#371
555 BRYANT ST 94301-1700
PALO ALTO CA

0 73361 64629 3 12

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why does this differ from every other handbook on our government?

Clarence Carson pulls no punches as he explains why:

> "It would be a considerable fraud to do a book on American government which talked as if the Constitution were still being substantially observed, that pretended that when Presidents took the oath of office they intended to observe the bounds set by the Constitution, that Congressmen recited their pledges with the same intent, and that federal judges were still construing the Constitution as it was written. In sum, any book on American government worthy of the name ought to make clear how remote from the Constitution the government has become."

This is the book. Which is why we believe that it's the only book on our government that Americans can trust today. Carson gives you all the basics, including:

- ► The roots of the American system, both scriptural and secular . . . key contributions of ancient Greece and Rome . . . the Middle Ages . . . the Renaissance . . . the Reformation . . . modern Europe and England . . . and our own colonial experience
- ► The battle over the Constitution. The framers' real intentions, as shown in their writings
- ► Betrayed, especially in our time: the letter AND the spirit of the Constitution
- ► How government functions at each level — federal, state and local. The court system, from justice of the peace to the Supreme Court
- ► The changing presidency. The impact (for better or worse) of Washington . . . Jefferson . . . Lincoln . . . FDR and his successors
- ► The rise of the Welfare State. The staggering growth of government spending and bureaucracy
- ► Massive departures from the Constitution in our century (on the way to the Leviathan state). How to get the government back on course

Use coupon to get this $32.95, 603-page volume FREE

What every American must know about our government

Carson exposes errors and myths that litter most other texts on our government as he refutes decades of liberal propaganda:

- The God-derived "natural law" principles on which our government was based. How they were corrupted, and finally abandoned. The secularist philosophies that took over
- Why the Civil War was unconstitutional. How it upset the balance of powers and led to unprecedented federal control
- The three events that mark the "great divide" in American history — even more than the Civil War
- Why it is inaccurate to call our system a "democracy"
- The rise of "judicial activism." The Court's effort to drive religion and morality out of public life. How Constitutional *protections* of religion gradually became laws against religion
- How new "rights" not found in the Constitution (e.g., abortion, pornography) were created by Court fiat
- The difference between revolutionary and evolutionary socialism. How the latter dominated our government in recent decades — in everything but name

This book is valuable for parents who want to correct the misinformation fed to our children today. Homeschoolers will never find a better text.

But please, don't think of this simply as a fine textbook. Think of it as the perfect companion to your own ideas about where our country SHOULD be headed; and the ideal guidebook for your own efforts to restore decency to government and society. Clarence Carson puts the sources and the answers at your fingertips.

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates. Books on current issues, religion, education, homeschooling, politics, children's books, etc. — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books are offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-95% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do not count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

33 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send me FREE the 603-page, $32.95 *Basic American Government* by Clarence B. Carson. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

CCUL-98

Name _____

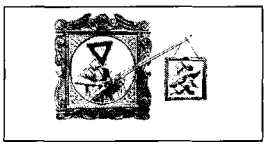
Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

PERSPECTIVE



Middle American Gothic 8
by Thomas Fleming

An Uzi in every closet.

VIEWS

Winning the Culture War 12
by Samuel Francis

The American cause.

There Are Left the Mountains 16
by Bill Kauffman

American writers and the perishing Republic.

The Plains States and America's Future 21
by Anthony Harrigan

In praise of the untainted middle.

Louis Bromfield's America 26
by Allan Carlson

Ohio's champion of the rooted life.

OPINIONS

The Survival of the Fattest 30
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.
Jim Robbins: *The Last Refuge: The Environmental Showdown in Yellowstone and the American West.*

In search of compromise between the Old West and the New.

Machine Politics 33
by Murray N. Rothbard
Isabel Paterson: *The God of the Machine.*

Remembering a forgotten champion of American individualism.

REVIEWS

Joseph L. Pappin III admirably deciphers *The Metaphysics of Edmund Burke*, writes **Peter J. Stanlis** ◆ **Paul Gottfried** finds much to praise in Hans-Hermann Hoppe's *The Economics and Ethics of Private Property* ◆ **Michael D. Aeschliman** recommends *Making Americans: An Essay on Individualism and Money* by Quentin Anderson ◆ Larry McMurtry's *Streets of Laredo* is no *Lonesome Dove*, says **Gregory McNamee** ◆ 36

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From Indiana: The Middle American Struggle 40
by William L. Isley, Jr.

Letter From Milwaukee: New and Old Catholicism 41
by Christopher Check

VITAL SIGNS

Maya Angelou's Inaugural Poem: Plagiarized or Inspired? 43
by John Meroney

Notes From the Immigration Front 44
by Ruth Coffey

The Facts and Fiction of Election Reforms 47
by Steven Schwalm

Metaflicks: *Jurassic Park* and *The Fugitive* 49
by David R. Slavitt

DEPARTMENTS

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS 4

POETRY
Underwater 20
and
Metamorphosis 25
by Rudolph Schirmer

Wintering Over 42
by Gloria Whelan

ON THE COVER

Cover design by Igor Kopelnitsky.

DECEMBER 1993/3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITOR
Thomas Fleming

MANAGING EDITOR
Theodore Pappas

SENIOR EDITOR, BOOKS
Chilton Williamson, Jr.

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Christine Haynes

ART DIRECTOR
Anna Mycek-Wodecki

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
John W. Aldridge, Harold O.J. Brown, Katherine Dalton, Samuel Francis, George Garrett, E. Christian Kopff, Clyde Wilson

CORRESPONDING EDITORS
Janet Scott Barlow, Bill Kauffman, John Shelton Reed, Momcilo Selic, David R. Slavitt

EDITORIAL SECRETARY
Leann Dobbs

PUBLISHER
Allan C. Carlson

PUBLICATION DIRECTOR
Guy C. Reffett

COMPOSITION MANAGER
Anita Fedora

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Rochelle Frank

A publication of The Rockford Institute.
Editorial and Advertising Offices:
934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5811.
Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800,
Mount Morris, IL 61054. Call 1-800-877-5459.
For information on advertising in *Chronicles*,
please call Rochelle Frank at (815) 964-5811.

U.S.A. Newsstand Distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, OH 44870.

Copyright © 1993 by The Rockford Institute.
All rights reserved.

Chronicles (ISSN 0887-5731) is published monthly for $28 per year by The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Second-class postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Chronicles*, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

The views expressed in *Chronicles* are the authors' alone and do not necessarily reflect the views of The Rockford Institute or of its directors. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

Vol. 17, No. 12 December 1993

Printed in the United States of America

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

THE ANSWER IS: Mohammed Farrah Aidid. The question is: Who is the latest Hitler? Yes, American policy in Somalia is a kind of jeopardy game, a lose-lose situation in which either the U.N. policy of coloring the globe blue will succeed or American lives will have been sacrificed for the sole purpose of revealing Bill Clinton as a chump.

What do we really know about this "evil warlord"? He was, apparently, given military training in the Soviet Union and in Italy, where his instructors spoke well of him. After spending years in jail under the previous evil dictator, he was set free to serve as ambassador to India and chief of armed forces. When opposition to the dictatorship mounted, Aidid was tapped to lead the rebellion, and he naturally assumed that he would emerge as the George Washington or Mao Tse-tung of his country. Having the most to lose, he was the least likely to collaborate with a U.N. takeover of Somalia. His rivals, on the other hand, could only improve their position.

Since the above is derived from a cursory inspection of American newspapers, it could all be wrong. Unfortunately, the Somalia campaign is a media war, a video game in which pictures of starving Somali children compete against pictures of American soldiers being dragged through the streets. What makes this exercise in "telescopic philanthropy" so sinister is the fact that for decades Somalians have been receiving international relief assistance by the buckets full, and the only effect has been to render them ever more dependent on Western aid, less able to solve their problems of overpopulation and famine. The older colonialism was ruthless but advanced what used to be called civilization. Our neocolonialism is even more ruthless because today the only object is a New World Order that is the principal enemy of civilization.

It is not as if we have not been through all this before, in Vietnam. When Clinton and Aspin defended their decision not to send the extra equipment requested by American officers on the ground, it was the same old argument of Johnson and McNamara: they did not want to jeopardize diplomatic negotiations. And even after deciding to call the whole thing off, the President could not make up his mind either to withdraw or to cancel the "Wanted Dead or Alive" order that had been put out on General Aidid, the man we were now going to negotiate with. The U.N. finally had to take that step, but only after Aidid came out of hiding to hold a press conference. Only a Russian cliché can sum up the President's weakness and ignorance: "The only lesson history teaches is that no one ever learns anything from history." With Clinton's education, history means last week, and he cannot even remember that far back. As we go to press, our Rhodes Scholar President has ordered a blockade of Haiti.

—Thomas Fleming

WILSONIAN MEDDLING in world affairs produces a corollary that other nations must abhor. American citizens not only take an active and sympathetic interest in the welfare of the "old country"—whether England or Poland or Haiti—they also insist on instructing the uneducated folk who stayed home on how to conduct their affairs in accord with the highest ideals of American democracy. This produces anomalies in foreign policy that, as usual, Jews exemplify in a striking way.

Specifically, Jewish Americans, particularly on the left, undertake to instruct successive Israeli governments on how to make peace with the Arab states, what to say to the PLO, and when and where to show that sterling trait of rationality when sorting out the irrational affairs of the Middle East. If I were the Israeli cabinet, whether on the left or on the right, I would curse Columbus. Here these overseas pressure groups presume to dictate policy, but then never undertake to bear its consequences.

Don't get me wrong. Voluntary action is as American as bagels and cream cheese, or pizza and beer. There is nothing odd about strong Jewish-American concern for the future of Israel, a country under siege for nearly a half-century now. The PACs under Jewish sponsorship concerned with Near and Middle Eastern matters and those (also under Jewish sponsorship) with strong interests in public policy at home together constitute a formidable Jewish political presence in Washington, and in New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as well.

American Jewry comprises not only a religious, cultural, ethnic, and social entity; it is very much a component in the politics of the American power-system. In their use of power Jews are like others of their class, which is to say, distinct subdivisions within the American social system. Just as Israel is like other states, so American Jewry is like other American ethnic and social entities: similar to others in many ways, different in some, distinct through and through.

But American Jews have also undertaken to negotiate on behalf of Israel with the sworn enemies of that nation. And that represents the Jews' adaptation, to their own circumstance, of Wilson's notion of an interventionist foreign policy. It is one thing for the United States to counsel its clients and friends on both sides as to how to make peace. But what we have seen in the Jewish instance is something else, namely, citizens of one state negotiating with representatives of another (*soi-disant*) state concerning the affairs of a third state, and we must regard such action as highly irregular.

In affairs of state, third-party intervention is ordinarily deemed an offense and may be construed as an act not of treason or sedition but of war. When, for example, in 1938 the French and British negotiated with the Germans over the fate of certain Czech territories, the Czechs deemed that action an intervention and a betrayal. When American citizens flew to Hanoi to lend aid and comfort to North Vietnam in its invasion of America's ally and cobelligerent, South Vietnam, many construed that action as treason and sedition. The two actions are, of course, different, since Chamberlain returned not to Prague but to London, while Fonda came home to California. But the somewhat mixed analogies serve to make the simple point that third-party intervention is odd and offensive.

Yet, over the years, American Jews have made the pilgrimage to Tunis to negotiate with the PLO over Palestinian policy toward Israel. Take, for example, the Stockholm Five, five Jews who some years back met, without Israeli authorization or mission, with officials of the PLO to negotiate the terms under which verbal recognition would meet the conditions set by the United States for legitimation of the PLO as a negotiating partner. Whom did the Stockholm Five represent? And what empowered them to enter into the political process? They are not Israeli citizens, so they cannot stand for any political faction in that state, let alone the foreign ministry of that state. They are not American diplomats, so they cannot claim to negotiate on behalf of a party to the issue, American recognition of the PLO being what was at stake. Do they speak for a deeply concerned party, American Jewry or world Jewry? Their sponsor, moneybags Philip Klutznick, perennial officeholder and self-promoter in world Jewish organizations, certainly thought so; but he cannot be accorded more standing and authority than his money can buy him.

Some years back, then, Stockholm presented the spectacle of citizens of one country negotiating with a second country about the most vital concerns of a third country, which is unprecedented in world affairs. American Jews care deeply for what happens in and to Israel, just as American Roman Catholics of Italian origin are engaged by the affairs of the Church and the Italian state and polity, just as American Roman Catholics of Hispanic origin care deeply about what happens in Mexico and Central America. But caring for other Americans ordinarily does not spill over into meddling, and the intense and unrelenting engagement of American Jews in Israeli public policy ordinarily does.

I see two solutions. First, American Jews have to recognize that, if they want to tell Israel how to do its business, they should relocate there, pay taxes, serve in its army, and vote in its elections. Second, Israelis have to declare their independence from world Jewry. Both sides need to recognize the simple fact that Jewish Americans are not Israelis, that Israelis can be left to make their own mistakes. For, after all, their political process, democratic and just, must be free to do its work—and will do its work. We who live far away from Israel must give up our prophet's cloak and cease to condemn the slightest Israeli infringement upon our heightened and selective sensitivity to the requirements of justice.

It is time for Israelis to recognize that the cost of the special relationship with world Jewry exceeds the benefit. Insisting that they form the center of world Jewry, proposing to utilize Jews throughout the world in the achievement of their national goals, subjects Israel to a politics it cannot accommodate: constituencies in not only Holon but also West Hartford. Just as the Israelis have built a normal state, so they now have to rethink the requirements for the normalization of relationships with Jews outside of Israel. No other country in the world today manipulates its overseas friends in the way the Israelis do, and I wonder when they will see the heavy price they pay in overseas meddling.

—Jacob Neusner

Dr. Jocelyn Elders has been elevated to what the *New York Times* calls the Surgeon General's "bully pulpit," and President Clinton has uxoriously compared her to Harriet Beecher Stowe. Yet Elders as the mouthpiece for the healing profession—not to mention the allusion to her in a pulpit—is grossly ironic. Her insensitive, sometimes spiteful public asides reveal her to be more fit for today's bull pit of warring ideologues than for a bully pulpit. More critically, there is mounting evidence that the public school sex-ed model she pushes is destructive of our children.

Pediatrician (now First Healer) Elders' nonchalant contempt for fetal life is now a commonplace: her taunting of prolifers to cease their "love affair with the fetus" savaged millions of Americans who esteem the unborn as very young human beings. (Consider, by analogy, the likely reaction of black Americans to the following variation of her vicious comment: "African-Americans should cease their love affair with slaves.") Elders also derides pro-life Christians as having a "Bible-belt mentality"; pro-life Catholics, in particular, are singled out as belonging to "a celibate, male-dominated Church." She does, however, place special stock in molding little children. "Give me," she says, "the choice of trying to educate a 3-year-old or . . . an 18-year-old and I'll take the 3-year-old every time." And what does she prescribe for those in their formative years? Ever more systematic, explicit, and graphic sex ed, launched in kindergarten.

Since Elders sits on the board of the Alan Guttmacher Institute, the research arm of Planned Parenthood, it should not be surprising if she adopts as part of her sex-ed program for coed kindergartens the Planned Parenthood suggestion that children outline a friend's body and verbally label all the parts, including genitals and buttocks. By the time children reach third grade, Planned Parenthood commends constructing models

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of reproductive organs out of Ping-Pong balls, paper cups, straw, yarn, and cellophane bags. Given Elders' endorsement by the Sex Information Education Council of the United States (SIECUS), one might further divine her educational "health" plan by citing the council's "messages" for five- to eight-year-olds: "Boys and men have a penis, scrotum, and testicles. Girls and women have a vulva, clitoris, vagina, uterus, and ovaries. Both girls and boys have body parts that feel good when touched. . . . Sexual intercourse occurs when a man and a woman place the penis inside the vagina. . . . Some men and women are homosexual, which means they will be attracted to and fall in love with someone of the same gender."

Granting that teaching the physiology of sex is integral at some point to responsible sex ed, there is staunch opposition—from both parents and medical professionals—to instruction of this kind at such an early age. Some of the opposition centers on violation of the "latency period," when, according to psychiatrist William McGrath, healthy young children are "not interested in sex" and "premature interest . . . in sex is unnatural and will arrest or distract the development of personality." Parents charge infringement of their rights and familial privacy by Big Brother (and Big Sister) whose pedagogy contradicts their own. These are powerful social stirrings, with the potential for litigation against public schools on the basis of perceived parental rights and freedom of religious expression (i.e., parental teaching of religiously based sexual morality).

There is, moreover, Elders' loose tongue on the matter of giving contraceptives to teenagers. When named public health director in Arkansas, she was asked if she would recommend distributing condoms in public schools. "Well," she responded, "we're not going to put them on lunch trays, but yes." She admonished girls to carry condoms in their purses on dates and concluded: "We taught them what to do in the front seat [of a car]. . . . Now it's time to teach them what to do in the back seat."

Elders' flippancy highlights her kneejerk "value neutrality," now similarly ingrained in the public school establishment's treatment of sexuality. In step with this conventional amorality, she makes no pretense of upholding the moral standard that youngsters should simply not have sexual intercourse, and, by adopting as her chief concern "safe" sex, she implicitly condones it. Also, her reductionist (narrowly contraception-governed) model of sex ed, by discouraging internalized beliefs and values, unnaturally disjoins sex in students' minds from that which gives it meaning: mystery, passion, love, personality, self-worth, integrity, family, community, and transcendent ends.

The unwillingness of sexual ideologues such as Elders to hold up traditional norms of right and wrong is insidious. Concerned physicians, such as Mildred Jefferson, warn that condom distribution in the public schools is failing to decrease rates of teen pregnancy and sex-related diseases, including AIDS, and appears even to increase them. They point out that, even when teenagers are educated about and have access to condoms, they most often fail to use them or do so ineffectively. In place of contraception-centered sex ed they hold up abstinence-based models whose success they claim can be demonstrated. The failure of condom-based sex ed, notably on Elders' own turf, is a case in point: during her tenure as Arkansas' public health director, the state went from having the fourth highest teen birthrate in the country to the second highest; the rate of sexually transmitted diseases among teens rose strikingly. Reprehensibly, when on Elders' watch a large batch of defective condoms was distributed to schoolchildren, she deliberately kept this danger secret. She has refused to acknowledge wrongdoing and has never sought out those who may have become pregnant or infected. The confirmation of so unfit a Surgeon General is all the more abhorrent in light of Elders' widely alleged financial improprieties and managerial incompetence.

This controversy is an unambiguous sign of the gaping fault line in American culture. It is emblematic of the seething rift between, on the one hand, largely middle-class traditionalists, who are frustrated in the extreme by the high-handed intrusion into their economic and social affairs of the dominant statist elite, and, on the other hand, that same elite, whose purpose is to substitute its utopian will for that of the people and to aggrandize itself. This is why Elders' substance and style matter, for they grate at the heart of historic American beliefs and sensibilities. Her "in your own face" bravado epitomizes the left-liberal, bureaucratic arrogance now stoking the American blood feud; it will play its droll part in the decisive cultural battle to come.

—*Candace de Russy*

OBITER DICTA: In the past, it has been difficult to find *Chronicles* in its hometown. Now, we are happy to announce, Rockford's three Book World shops (at Colonial Village, North Towne Mall, and Stewart Square) as well as Media Play have agreed to carry the magazine. When you go shopping this holiday season, please keep in mind those stores that have not turned *Chronicles* down.

Also, this Christmas, remember *Chronicles*' Real American Calendar when brainstorming for gift ideas. Available soon, the calendar sells for $15. To order by credit card, call 800-383-0680, or send a check or money order to *Chronicles* Calendar, 934 N. Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.

Those who enjoyed our March number ("Art in the 90's: Visions and Values") and are interested in promoting beauty and humanistic values in the fine arts will be happy to hear that Alexandra York's foundation, American Renaissance for the Twenty-First Century (ART), has planned a number of new projects. These include: organizing public exhibitions, providing educational programs, establishing an ART center in New York as well as local chapters, and publishing a newsletter, *ART Ideas*. The foundation is currently accepting submissions for its exhibitions and newsletter in the following categories: painting, sculpture, and drawing; poetry; short story, fiction, and drama for stage or screen; music and/or song; and articles or essays on the arts or on our culture generally. While ART cannot yet pay for submissions, it does hope to offer grants to deserving artists and writers in the future. Please send slides, photos, cassettes, scores, lyrics, or writings plus biographical information to Alexandra York at American Renaissance for the Twenty-First Century, Inc., F.D.R. Station, P.O. Box 8379, New York, NY 10150-1919.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dan Rather Praised It...
Jesse Jackson Cried over It...
The New York Times Lauded It...
It Was Nominated for an Oscar...

But, It Was a Lie.

And The New York Guardian was the first to expose the lie of the "Liberators."

The Media: Re-Writing Our History

When the taxpayer-funded PBS produced the documentary "Liberators" which purported to show that black combat units had liberated the concentration camps of Dachau and Buchenwald during World War II, the *New York Guardian* was the first to expose the "Liberators" lie. After the *Guardian* story, PBS took the unprecedented action of withdrawing the documentary, and a recent report by PBS itself confirmed the original *Guardian* stories.

E.G. McConnell, a Purple Heart-winning African-American veteran who served in the All Black 761st Tank Battalion, and who appeared in the "Liberators" said, "The *Guardian* provided the first, and most thorough news account of the film's inaccuracies, while accurately publicizing the true heroism of my unit and the many African-Americans who served and died for their country."

Unafraid to Tell The Truth

The New York Guardian is a national newsmonthly, with lively, investigative reports that have earned it the respect of opinion-makers around the world. Noted author and commentator, British historian Paul Johnson called the *Guardian* an "admirable monthly dedicated to publicizing the vices of the American political establishment."

A Forum of Ideas

Look Whose Articles Have Appeared In the Guardian:

Ronald Reagan • Dr. Bernard Nathanson • Reed Irvine
Jack Kemp • Milton Friedman • Paul Johnson • Rush Limbaugh
Ed Koch • Malachi Martin • Cardinal O'Connor
Dr. James Dobson • Paul Johnson • Lev Navrozov
Caspar Weinberger • Herb London • Joe Farah

Subscribe and receive Free our report *Media Lies*, as reported in the pages of *The New York Guardian*. Read exclusives like

- **The "Liberators" Exposed**
- **AIDS and the Dental Office**
- **The Rainbow Curriculum Uncensored**
- **Revelations on Randy Shilt's Best Seller**

Subscribe Today — Money Back Guarantee

❑ **Rush me the free report *Media Lies* and begin my subscription today (Cancel at an time and receive a refund for all unsent issues).**

Check One: ❑ **$27 for one year (12 issues)** ❑ **$45 for two years**

PAYMENT METHOD: ❑ Check or money Order (U.S.funds) Payable to New York Guardian

❑ VISA ❑ MasterCard

Card # _____

Exp. Date ____/____ _____ Cardholder signature

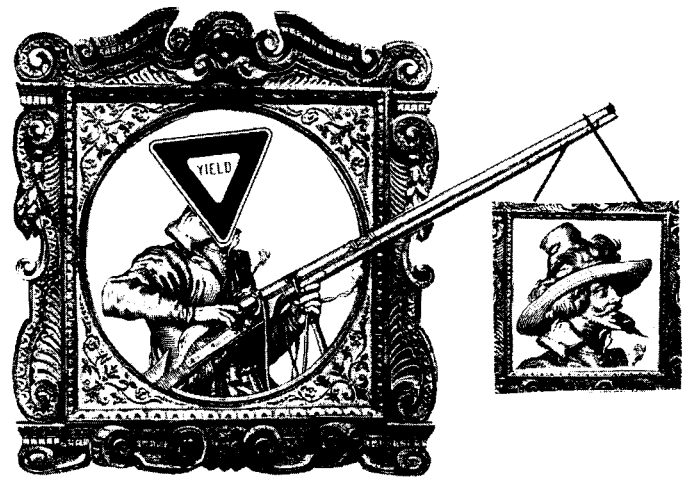
Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Remit to: The NY Guardian;
P.O.Box 175, New Hyde Park, NY 11040

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Igor Kopelnitsky

Middle American Gothic

by Thomas Fleming

The bad weather of 1993 eliminated my usual fishing trips to northern Wisconsin, but the other day in Madison, where I go to use the library and relive the 60's, I saw a sign for an instant oil change and lube: "Faster than an Illinois tourist." Most people in Wisconsin are happy for the dollars the pot-bellied Chicagoans bring with them, but some of them cannot help sneering at the softness and helplessness of their suburban neighbors to the south.

Nowhere is the contempt so evident as in the northernmost counties of the state, where the people generally look down upon the farmers of southern Wisconsin as soft and easy-living. Up there, where the trees are twisted by the winds that blow cold "off the big lake they call Gitchee Gumee" and starved in the thin soil left behind by the glacier, only the berries are sweeter for adversity. There is nothing sweet in the manners of the people—Norwegians and Finns mostly. They are friendly enough, once you know them, and even kind to strangers, but many of them act as if the frontier still ran through Douglas County.

A year ago I took a friend from South Carolina up to the Brule River for a few days of fishing. The "world-famous Brule River," as a local guide continues to call it, even though the trout-fishing is less than spectacular. For many years the main culprits were the lamprey eels that made their way through the St. Lawrence Seaway, and—if you can believe Ron—another Seaway tourist, the salmon, disturbs the spawning of the brown trout. Ron, sometime guide and proprietor of the only fly shop, told me the first time I stopped in: "Put back the big browns, but keep the salmon; they're nothing but parasites and foreigners." Another immigration problem.

One cannot imagine two types more opposite than Ron and my friend Bill from South Carolina. The dialect differences alone could keep a linguist busy for years, but for all that separates Hell Hole Swamp from the Brule River, Ron has more in common with Bill than with "them Yuppie fishermen from the Twins" who buy out the Orvis catalogue and fly off for week-long fishing seminars in Montana or New Zealand. You meet them everywhere. One December, I was fishing with a friend on the White River in Arkansas, when the guide told us his next party was a doctor from my friend's hometown in Louisiana. "Well, if he's from . . . he's probably an ---hole," my friend opined, and within minutes of being introduced to us, the fly-fishing medic was bragging about his trip to New Zealand and giving the guide a few tips on casting. Next morning at breakfast, the guide came over to say, "You're right, but it only takes a guide about five minutes to put one of these guys in his place."

The guide, it seems, did not regard himself as a servant simply because he was taking a man's money and did not hesitate to tell anyone what he thought of him. Wisconsin fishermen are, if anything, even less restrained, and a pretentious reference to "the last time I fished Henry's Fork" will elicit more scorn than envy. This—for want of a more accurate word—this redneck mentality is about all that is left of the character of the old American Republic, and it can make South Carolina or Wisconsin dangerous places for people who refuse to understand the rules. I was once told the story of a salesman driving through Jamestown, South Carolina (at the edge of Hell Hole Swamp). The salesman stopped for a dog sleeping in the road and honked his horn. An old man on his porch lifted up his shotgun and told him: "Don't you be bothering him. That's where he sleeps—you wait till he gets up."

The United States is leavened by a sprinkling of armed and dangerous Americans. Not far from the Brule is a bar and restaurant, where I have eaten many times. About a year ago, the proprietor—a friendly, unaggressive sort of man—returned after midnight to check on his place and surprised a group of young men boosting cases of liquor. He pulled out a gun and told them to stop, and when one of them ran, the proprietor shot him in the leg. The young fool crawled off into the woods to hide and bled to death before he was found. When the proprietor was put on trial, local sentiment was fairly strong

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on his behalf, and local restaurants put out jars for contributions to his legal defense fund.

As I said, there are men all over America who are willing to protect their lives and property. Some of them are crazy, like David Koresh; others are eccentrics, like Randy Weaver; but most of them are simply plain people who refuse to be bullied, abused, or robbed. These qualities are not unique to Americans. Moral independence was a universal virtue among the nations of barbarian Europe—Germans, Celts, and Slavs, but as the Europeans slowly lost their liberties and conceded the rights of defense and revenge to their rulers, the American frontier was fertile soil for a second growth of the old spirit of self-reliance.

Edmund Burke attributed the Americans' "love of freedom" to the English political tradition, the religious independence of the Yankees, and the Southerners' status as masters over slaves, and he was right so far as he went. What he could not know—although as an Irishman he might have guessed it—was that the political independence of Americans was only the superficial manifestation of a deeper spirit of independence. If Americans were willing to take up arms against a tyrannical parliament, they fought among themselves, with sword and pistol, shotgun and knife, with equal alacrity.

Some have attributed the American fashion for dueling to the influence of French officers in the War for Independence. This may be true, so far as the fashion and the formalities go, but the Irish of that time were even more celebrated for dueling than the French (the famous Code Duello is an Irish production), and the English officer caste had never renounced the privilege of fighting duels for the sake of honor—or even sport. Dueling, with all its punctilio and ceremony, was a recreation for gentlemen. More typical of the average American of those days was the duelist and brawler, Andrew Jackson. General Jackson did not need any lace-cuffed French officers to tell him his duty. His mother, on her deathbed, had already supplied him with a code: "Never tell a lie, nor take what is not your own nor sue for slander. Settle them cases yourself."

Like many of the men who came to prominence after American independence, Andrew Jackson was Scotch-Irish. They were a dour and hardy people, like all the Scots, and quick to resent an insult and thirsty for revenge, as the old border ballads tell . . .

> Fight on, my merry men all,
> And see that none of you be taine;
> For rather than men shall say we were hang'd,
> Let them report how we were slaine.

Many Americans of Scottish ancestry are prone to lay great weight upon the Celtic composition of the Scots, but the blood of the lowlands may be as Sassenach as the language. It hardly matters. The Anglo-Saxons were as quick to defend themselves as the Celts whom they attempted to exterminate, and it was to the Saxons that the Founding Fathers turned when they were looking for precedents and inspiration.

The patriots of 1776, as H. Trevor Colbourn has shown (in *The Lamp of Experience*), adopted the Saxon myth that had been crafted by the English Whigs in their assertion of parliamentary rights against the crown's prerogatives. The Saxons, so it was argued, had been a free people ruled over by a king whose power was limited by the elected Witenagemot. This much even the skeptical John Adams was willing to accept, though he confessed that little was actually known of Saxon political institutions.

The Virginians went further, and Richard Bland pointed out that in leaving the Continent, the Anglo-Saxons had also shaken off subjection to their old rulers. Their descendants, he concluded, in coming to the New World, had freed themselves of allegiance to the crown. Thomas Jefferson adopted this view with enthusiasm; he wanted to put Hengist and Horsa (the leaders of the Saxon colonists) on the Great Seal of the United States and recommended the teaching of Anglo-Saxon at the university he founded.

The difference between Whigs and Tories, in Jefferson's opinion, lay in their differing approaches to history: while Tories based the power of the king on the Norman conquest, the Whigs traced English liberties back to Alfred and beyond. It was partly his affection for the Saxon myth that inspired Jefferson's aversion to David Hume's *History of England*. A far better historian than the Whigs, Hume could find no evidence of the peaceful constitutionalists so dear to Rapin, Mrs. Macaulay, and their American admirers. However, what he found was perhaps more essential to the defense of liberties. The weakness of the Saxon state, buffeted by frequent foreign invasions, meant that Saxon kings did not rely upon standing armies but on a militia of "ceorles or husbandmen . . . provided with arms and . . . obliged to take their turn in military duty." George Mason concluded that standing armies were the instruments of tyranny and that a revived Saxon militia would be "the natural strength and only stability of a free government."

As Hume realized, the Saxon ceorles were willing to defend their own, as well as their king's, interest. "The natural bravery of the people made every man trust to himself and to his particular friends for his defence or vengeance. . . . An insult upon any man was regarded by all his relations and associates as a common injury. . . . They retaliated on the aggressor by like acts of violence."

Among the Anglo-Saxons homicide was generally a personal matter. Murder as well as accidental homicide were settled by payment of blood-money to the kindred, although (as Maitland and Pollock point out in their *History of English Law*) "there are additional public penalties in aggravated cases, as where a man is slain in the king's presence or otherwise in breach of the king's peace."

The Norman Conquest was not merely a dynastic change, and the results were of vaster consequence than the periodic irruption of Danes into English territory and onto English thrones. The Norman overlords were determined to suppress the Saxons to the level of peasants and serfs; and Duke William, it is said, even contemplated the extinction of the English language. The characteristic of an independent, free, and martial people has ever been the freeman's assertion of the right to defend himself, and if the Saxons—like other European peoples—had pushed their freedoms too far, the Norman response was to erect their kingdom on the rubble of ancient liberties.

On questions of homicide, William and his successors moved quickly to assert their prerogative, although the revolution was probably not accomplished until the reign of Henry II. The first move was to broaden the concept of the king's peace to include, potentially, all homicides, and it is no paradox in the nature of the bloody-minded William that he outlawed the use

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of capital punishment, since the effect of this decree was to deprive anyone but the king of the right to vengeance. By Bracton's time, one could not—outside the Welsh marches—kill even an outlaw, if he made no resistance to capture, and the right to kill had been so thoroughly nationalized that statutes had to be passed giving householders the right to kill a thief without having their goods forfeited—the normal penalty for manslaughter.

In place of the old Germanic blood feuds and duels, William imported the trial by combat, a formal judicial process by which a nobleman accused of a serious crime (e.g., treason) could challenge his accuser to single combat, and while judicial combat is a far cry from the right to personal vengeance, it helped to sustain the notion of individual responsibility in ages when the power of the king was steadily encroaching upon the right of the freeman.

It is always in the interest of a nation's rulers—whether ancient Roman or modern American—to restrict the ability of men to defend themselves.

Judicial combat was eventually so regulated and circumscribed that gentlemen preferred to settle their disagreements without the presence of a king's representative, but it endured in English law down to the 19th century as a remedy available to a man acquitted of murder and retried upon appeal by the victim's next-of-kin. Charles I, a kind and compassionate king, attempted to foil an exercise of judicial combat involving mercenary champions, but he refused to deprive his people of a single one of their constitutional liberties. In reviewing the same case, the Long Parliament, which did not share the king's tender conscience, struck down this ancient right in a moment.

Among gentlemen, dueling took the place of trial by combat, while simpler men resorted to boxing matches as a nonlethal (usually) alternative. Where one man did kill another in a fair fight, he would be tried for murder, but according to J.M. Beattie (*Crime and the Courts in England, 1660-1800*), the usual verdict was manslaughter, for which the punishment was branding on the hand. A gentleman of property who killed a man, unless he was defending his home against a thief or was the victim of an unprovoked attack, had to prove that he had attempted to avoid homicide by retreating to the wall. If he could not, his property was subject to confiscation, unless he received a royal pardon—a fairly routine matter in cases of self-defense.

The duty to retreat was part and parcel of the "Norman" effort to gain a state monopoly on the use of violence. In the New World, it was impractical, and as Richard Maxwell Brown has shown in his recent book (see his essay on the subject in the next *Chronicles*), Middle American judges in Ohio and Indiana declared that it was unreasonable to expect a true man to back down in the face of aggression. One benefit of these rulings was the license it gave to men on the frontier to shoot it out in the street without the victor having to face a rope.

I'll Die Before I Run is the title of C.L. Sonnichsen's classic study of Texas feuding, and I would be accounted hypocritical if I pretended not to admire the spirit, if not always the judgment, of the duelists and feudists who spattered the pages of our history with their enemies' blood and their own. It is the same spirit we cannot help admiring in the border ballads and the Icelandic sagas. One of the heroes of "Njál's saga," Gunnar Hamundarson, even from his grave, sings of the pleasures of a life well-spent (in Magnusson and Palsson's translation), describing himself as a man

> Who so lavishly gave battle
> Distributing wounds gladly . . .
> He would rather die than yield,
> Much rather die than yield.

Most nations, at least in their childhood, have explicitly recognized a man's right to defend himself by killing an attacker. Ancient Rome, more than any Indo-European nation, attempted to restrict this right, but even there the legal adage prevailed, *vim vi repellere licet*. This applied only to the heat of the moment, however, and not to acts of revenge or punishment that would constitute "self-help."

One such case of self-help was the murder of a political gangster, Pubius Clodius Pulcher, by a rival gang-leader, T. Annius Milo. In the course of a street brawl between their followers, Clodius was wounded and took refuge in a *taberna*. Well aware that Clodius would plot an immediate revenge, Milo sent his followers into the place to drag Clodius out to his death. Since Roman law did not condone revenge-killings, his case stood little chance of victory, especially since he was out of favor with the most powerful man in Rome. Even so, his advocate, Marcus Tullius Cicero, in publishing the speech he probably could not deliver, made a brilliant statement of what Americans would call the unwritten law:

> There is this law, not written but natural . . . that if our life be beset by treachery, exposed to the force and weapons of robbers or enemies, there would be every honorable justification for gaining safety, for the laws are silent amid the clash of arms nor do they bid us wait for them.

How far may a man go in his own defense? By natural instinct we seem to "know" that the laws of life are survival and propagation, that each creature seeks to preserve its own identity and to transmit its genetic heritage through time. It is mere reflex to strike a blow, when one is received, and to kill, when death is threatened.

Prudence might go further and kill, by anticipation, those who have made serious threats against life. But what constitutes a serious threat? Mere fighting does not count; wolves, after all, and baboons may struggle to acquire dominance within the pack and fight with tooth and claw, but the surrender of one of the combatants is supposed to restore peace. Such natural justice may underlie the Common Law provision that in a fray, no matter how it began, both parties have a "duty to retreat" to prevent homicide.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But what if the case is, as Milo believed, that of a fight in which one man will, if he escapes, return to kill the other? Suppose an enemy has sworn to kill you, and from his past record you know he means business. The natural response is to eliminate the threat before it materializes, and this conviction grows if one is staring down the barrel of a gun. My father used to tell me never to point a gun at anyone, because the other man, who can only assume that you intend—or at the very least are willing—to kill him, will think himself justified if he can kill you first. Men who, like G. Gordon Liddy, are wise in the ways of firearms will always advise against firing warning shots or shooting to wound. If a man is worth shooting, he is worth killing if only to prevent legal complications. I once knew a game manager on a plantation who spent several nights in the woods trying to catch poachers. When the county sheriff heard about it, he paid a visit to the game manager and told him, "If anything does happen, remember, I only want to hear one story."

It is always in the interest of a nation's rulers—whether ancient Roman or modern American—to restrict the ability of men to defend themselves. That is the danger posed by the anti-gun lobby, not that they will take away a boy's 410 and deprive him of his right to shoot doves, but that they will take away his father's MP-4 and deprive him of his right to shoot looters. If a member of the Black Gangster Disciples decides to take a drive over to my neighborhood and waste one of his oppressors, he will be long gone before the police get here, and if the punk gets lucky and kills someone, the police may be able to find him and the prosecutor may be able to get a conviction, and the judge may even sentence him to 10 or 20 years (of which he may do five to seven), but in the meantime, an innocent person is dead.

The police do not exist to prevent crime but to apprehend criminals once a crime has been committed. Even liberal criminologists and sociologists are now saying, with Paul Lavrakas, that the first line of defense is a "caring and vigilant citizenry," and a realist will make sure that some of that care is lavished on an automatic 12-gauge.

If the police cannot help us against the gangs, they are even more powerless to protect us from the armed forces of the New World Order. Bill Clinton may be calling for the creation of a national police force, but if he has his way he will only be amalgamating the numerous federal agencies that already have the power to eliminate troublesome citizens.

Our ancestors, fearing the danger posed by future generations of lobsterbacks, insisted upon the Second Amendment, guaranteeing all of us the right to own the same kind of weapons that a would-be tyrant could use against the people, and although their uniforms are not red, the ATF and FBI agents who attacked David Koresh and Randy Weaver have committed atrocities never dreamed of by George III's Hessian mercenaries. The Hessians did not murder women and children.

The right to bear arms strikes many Americans as a quaint survival from more barbaric times, rather like dueling or trial by combat. But wise men know better than to surrender any right, no matter how apparently antiquated. In order to retaliate against Massachussets for the Boston Tea Party, the British parliament in 1774 passed a bill "for the improved administration of justice in the Massachussets Bay Colony." As originally passed, the bill included a provision outlawing both appeal of death and trial by combat. As Philadelphia historian Henry Lea tells the story (in his 1870 volume *Superstition and Force*),

> The learned and eloquent Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, one of the leaders of the opposition, defended the ancient custom in the strongest terms: "I rise," said he, "to support that great pillar of the constitution, the appeal for murder; I fear there is a wish to establish a precedent for taking it away in England as well as in the colonies. It is called a remnant of barbarism and gothicism. The whole of our constitution, for aught I know, is gothic. . . . I wish, sir, that gentlemen would be a little more cautious, and consider that the yoke they are framing for the despised colonists may be tied around our own necks."

Dunning (with assistance from Edmund Burke) succeeded in having the obnoxious clause removed, and appeal for murder and trial by combat were both used again in 1818 in *Ashford* v. *Thornton* (as I recounted earlier in these pages). Thornton, acquitted once of the charge of murdering a young girl, was to be tried again upon the appeal of the victim's brother, but when the defendant demanded trial by combat, the case was dropped, and Thornton went where all bold men used to go, to the United States, which in those days guaranteed men the right to bear arms in their own defense. Now we are told that in order to put down the drug lords and keep would-be troublemakers in line, we must have tough new laws restricting the sale and possession of firearms. To prevent children from shooting themselves, we must punish negligent parents who do not lock up their guns. I wish that gentlemen would consider that the yoke we are framing for the despised underclass may be tied around our own necks. c

LIBERAL ARTS

HYPOCRITICAL HILLARY

Hillary Rodham Clinton has denounced "price-gouging, cost-shifting and unconscionable profiteering" in the health care industry, but she seems to have done some "unconscionable profiteering" of her own. According to the August issue of *ClintonWatch: A Special Project of Citizens United*, a few years ago Ms. Clinton and her law partners made large profits for themselves and other investors off the sale of nursing homes in Iowa and Arkansas.

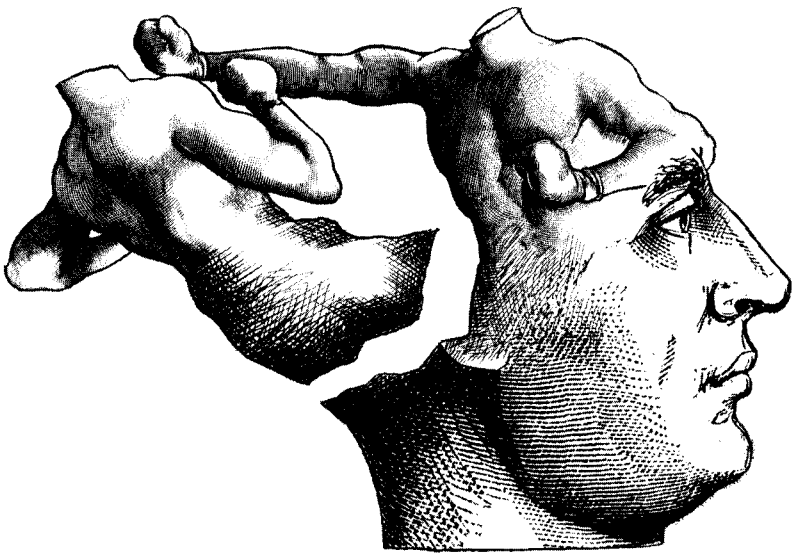
Forced by reduced Medicaid payments to streamline, officials at Beverly Enterprises, the country's largest nursing home chain, had begun looking for buyers in the late 1980's. Bruce Whitehead, a Texas millionaire, came forward with an offer to purchase 41 homes in Iowa and 39 in Arkansas through tax-exempt revenue bonds and his own non-profit companies. Guided by Ms. Clinton's partner William H. Kennedy III, now associate counsel to the President, Whitehead and the bond underwriters managed to clear more than $15 million in Iowa (thus providing for presumably hefty legal fees). Beverly also took in around $10 million from sales here. This transaction appears to have been legal, yet "critics . . . have complained of profiteering," as the *Des Moines Register* reported. And revelations of attempted bribery on the part of Whitehead sunk the deal in Arkansas, where Beverly Enterprises was forced to rely on conventional financing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Winning the Culture War

The American Cause

by Samuel Francis



Igor Kopelnitsky

The first thing we have to learn about fighting and winning a cultural war is that we are not fighting to "conserve" something; we are fighting to overthrow something. Obviously, we *do* want to conserve something—our culture, our way of life, the set of institutions and beliefs that distinguish us as Americans. But we must understand clearly and firmly that the dominant authorities in the United States—in the federal government and often in state and local government as well, in the two major political parties, the major foundations, the media, the schools, the universities, big business, and most of the system of organized culture, including the arts and entertainment—not only do nothing to conserve what most of us regard as our traditional way of life but actually seek its destruction or are indifferent to its survival. If our culture is going to be conserved, then, we need to dethrone the dominant authorities that threaten it.

Granted, we still have a democratic political system in which opposition and dissent remain in principle legal, but we all know the difficulty encountered by those who try to use their political and civil liberties to challenge the dominant authorities. Genuine dissent from the egalitarian, feminist, homophile, multiculturalist, and socialist agendas is seldom permitted in establishment media and is often punished, intimidated, or terrorized.

Nevertheless, there remain sufficient loopholes in the apparatus of power to permit the organization of effective resistance by democratic and legal means, if we have the will and the wit to use them. When I call for the overthrow of the dominant authorities that threaten our culture, then, I am not advocating illegal or undemocratic processes, but the war for the culture is nonetheless a radical or even a revolutionary conflict because it involves an almost total redistribution of power in American society—the displacement of the incumbent governing and cultural elites, the dismantlement of their apparatus of domination, the delegitimation of their political formulas and ideologies, and the radical decentralization of power and shift in control of cultural norms from the hands of the present elite to those of the Americans who remain loyal to their traditional cultural and national identity.

Understanding that the main strategic goal of cultural traditionalists is the overthrow of the dominant authorities in the United States leads us into a somewhat anomalous position. Ever since its formal appearance in the late 18th century, conservatism has generally been associated with the defense of existing authorities, and its ideas as well as its rhetoric and its basic psychology have historically been designed to conserve, not to challenge or overthrow. Hence, while we will find much in the conservative tradition to teach us about the nature of what we want to conserve and why we should want to conserve it, we will find little in conservative theory to instruct us in the strategy and tactics of challenging dominant authorities. Instead, we need to look to the left to understand how a politically subordinated and culturally dispossessed majority of Americans can recover its rightful position as the dominant and creative core of American society.

By far the most relevant figure on the left in the 20th century for this purpose is the Italian communist Antonio Gramsci, whose idea of "cultural hegemony" has facilitated the cultural revolution that the enemies of American civilization have

---

Samuel Francis is a nationally syndicated columnist for the Washington Times. *Mr. Francis delivered this paper at the May conference on "Winning the Culture War," organized by Pat Buchanan's American Cause Foundation.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pulled off in the last half century. I do not claim that Gramsci's ideas were consciously followed by those who seized cultural power in the United States—indeed, the beginnings of the cultural revolution of the left long predated Gramsci's influence—but it is true that the process by which that revolution occurred resembled the strategic and tactical ideas that Gramsci later articulated. Besides, most successful revolutionaries possess an instinctive understanding of these ideas and know how to apply them. If the cultural right in the United States is to take back its culture from those who have usurped it, it will find a study of Gramsci's ideas rewarding.

What distinguishes Gramsci's Marxism from that of most of his predecessors and contemporaries is that while most of them, following Lenin, emphasized the need to capture and control the state, Gramsci argued that this was not the appropriate tactic in Western Europe or the United States. In those societies, the capitalist class had succeeded in manufacturing what he called "ideological hegemony" by control of the cultural institutions of society—religion, education, the arts, the very processes of thought, taste, and emotion. While as a Marxist Gramsci believed this kind of hegemony was no less repressive than the economic and political repression Marx and Lenin had discussed, he also understood that the "masses" or working classes had essentially internalized the ideological formulas, myths, values, and norms that this ideological hegemony imposed, so that actual reliance on force by the ruling class was largely unnecessary.

The main implication of the cultural or ideological hegemony of the capitalists in Europe and America, in Gramsci's view, was that the strategy of revolution there had to be different from what it had been in Russia. While in Russia capturing the highly centralized czarist state was the key to a successful revolution, in the West the ruling class only partially depended on the state. "In the East," Gramsci wrote, "the state was everything, civil society was primordial and gelatinous; in the West, there was a proper relation between state and civil society, and when the state trembled a sturdy structure of civil society was at once revealed. The state [in the West] was only an outer ditch, behind which there stood a powerful system of fortresses and earthworks."

In other words, overthrowing the state or capturing it would do the revolutionary little good, since the real power of the old ruling class rested on its cultural hegemony, and if the revolution were to succeed, it would have to challenge the cultural hegemony of the ruling class even more than it challenged its political hegemony. "A social group," he wrote, "can, and indeed must, already exercise '[moral and intellectual] leadership' [i.e., cultural hegemony] even before winning governmental power (this indeed is one of the principal conditions for the winning of such power); it subsequently becomes dominant when it exercises power, but even if it holds it firmly in its grasp, it must continue to 'lead' as well." It does no good for revolutionaries to control the coercive apparatus of the state if the masses they intend to rule still retain the internalized beliefs instilled in them by the ruling class, since the result would be the kind of total state repression that emerged in Russia under Lenin and Stalin. What the revolutionary must do, then, is to seize cultural power before seizing political power.

How this seizure of cultural power can be accomplished was the subject of a good deal of Gramsci's own political work as a communist organizer before his imprisonment and of much of his writing while in prison. Essentially, he argued that instead of relying on the bureaucratized and elitist party structure that Lenin had built, revolutionaries must build what he called a "counter-hegemonic force," independent of the social and cultural institutions under the control of the ruling class. This parallel force would challenge the authority of the ruling class, its values and norms, while constructing its own authority in accordance with socialism.

What is important to understand about Gramsci's strategy of cultural hegemony, however, is, first, that it recognizes that political power is ultimately dependent on cultural power—that human beings obey because they share, perhaps unconsciously, many of the assumptions, values, and goals of those who are giving them orders—and, second, that in order to challenge the dominance of any established authority, it is necessary to construct a countervailing cultural establishment, a "counter-hegemony" (or, as the New Left called it, a "counterculture") that is independent of the dominant cultural apparatus and is able to generate its own system of beliefs. As indicated earlier, these concepts were not entirely new, and they had been applied, probably instinctively, by Progressivists, Marxists, liberals, and others on the left in the United States throughout the first part of the 20th century as the left gradually established its dominance in the mass media, the foundations, the universities, and the federal state. That dominance has intensified in recent years as veterans of the New Left, often directly influenced by Gramsci, have occupied strategic positions in such institutions and have used them to construct the cultural hegemony that we know as "political correctness." In the case of the American left, because it has so totally lacked any popular support at the grassroots level, it has been unable to build the kind of independent countercultural institutions that Gramsci wanted and has had to rely on the infiltration and permeation of established institutions, and especially on governmental power.

Moreover, the left has not been the only group to apply this strategy. It is interesting to note that Adolf Hitler seems to have conceived much the same idea in the aftermath of his failed 1923 Beer Hall Putsch. Speaking to a group of veterans of the putsch after he had come to power in November 1936, Hitler remarked, "We recognized that it is not enough to overthrow the old State, but that the new State must previously have been built up and be practically ready to one's hand. . . . In 1933 it was no longer a question of overthrowing a state by an act of violence; meanwhile the new State had been built up and all that there remained to do was to destroy the last remnants of the old State—and that took but a few hours." In the years between Hitler's failed putsch of 1924 and his coming to power in 1933, he and the Nazis built up an entire series of party institutions that paralleled and duplicated those of the existing state, including groups for women, youth, workers, students, artists, and intellectuals, as well as the party's propaganda organs and its paramilitary forces, so that by the time Hitler became chancellor in 1933, the national socialist state had already been "prefigured" (to use a term of Gramsci) in the party organization, and the actual seizure of state power merely enabled the party to substitute its own apparatus for that of the old state. The strategy that both Hitler and Gramsci were devising was essentially to construct what historian Crane Brinton in his classic *The Anatomy of Revolution* called an "illegal government." "The legal government," wrote Brinton, "finds opposed to it, not merely hostile individuals and parties . . . but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a rival government, better organized, better staffed, better obeyed. . . . At a given revolutionary crisis they step naturally and easily into the place of the defeated government."

While Gramsci and Hitler sought to develop their cultural strategy for totalitarian ends, communist in the case of Gramsci and national socialist in the case of Hitler, the same strategy can be used for conservative purposes, and probably even more successfully in the United States since beneath the encrustation of the dominant cultural apparatus of the left in this country there still persists an enduring cultural core of traditional beliefs and institutions. Indeed, while the American right has generally ignored cultural forces, preferring to dwell on economic, foreign policy, and narrow political issues and to concentrate on policy bargaining within the government (usually on terms defined by their opponents), the European New Right explicitly invokes Gramsci as a source of its ideas and strategy. Thus Tomislav Sunic writes in his account of the European New Right: "The main reason that conservative movements and regimes have been unable to gain lasting political legitimacy lies in their inability of successfully infiltrating the cultural society and introducing another 'counter-ideology' to the masses. Should conservative movements genuinely desire to become politically consolidated, they must first and foremost elaborate their own cultural strategy, which will ultimately help them to dislodge socialist and liberal leverage on the political arena. One must first conquer the brains before conquering the state."

The inadequacy of the political power of the right in America in the absence of cultural power is perfectly illustrated in the cases of the Nixon, Reagan, and Bush administrations. None of the Republican administrations possessed sufficient cultural resources and allies to enable whatever ideas and policy initiatives they expressed to endure, and much of their time and energy were consumed with explaining and often retreating from what they put forward in the face of the almost total opposition of the dominant cultural elite in the mass media and the higher circles of education. The Republicans had indeed won election to the "outer ditch" of government, but none of them ever came close to penetrating the "powerful system of fortresses and earthworks" of cultural hegemony on which the real power of the left rests. The Bush administration in particular came to rely on an essentially liberal discourse to justify its actions. As a result, the administration accomplished almost nothing in altering the framework of public discussion or in challenging the fundamental terms of debate in American political culture, so that today it is far more difficult to argue publicly against the legitimacy of homosexuality, against affirmative action, against the welfare state and its assumptions about man and government, or against a globalist foreign policy than it was before Bush, Quayle, Kemp, and William Bennett gave us the benefit of their wisdom. By replicating and repeating the rhetoric of the left, the American right merely confirms and legitimizes the cultural dominance—and therefore the political power—of the left.

Nor does there seem to be much prospect that the Republican Party as it is now constituted will offer any serious challenge to that cultural dominance, or that the tame neoconservative intelligentsia that serves as the GOP's ideological vanguard will do so. Thus, neoconservative Michael Joyce, president of the $420-million Bradley Foundation of Milwaukee, which the *National Journal* calls "the nation's largest underwriter of conservative intellectual activity," recently told the *Journal* that "I'm . . . not ready to repeal the welfare state. I want to ameliorate the problems of the welfare state." Similarly, in the spring of 1992, just after President Bush, under pressure from Pat Buchanan, fired NEA chairman John Frohnmayer, there began to build for the first time a small consensus even among some liberals that the NEA might not be necessary after all. Who should jump out of the woodwork to tell us that "abolitionist sentiment, however understandable and defensible, will be ineffectual" but Mr. Joyce's mentor, Irving Kristol, the ubiquitous godfather of the neoconservatives, and it was Kristol's contribution to the *Kulturkampf* to suggest that all we really needed to do was just hand the NEA over to a neoconservative manager who could fork up the pasta to the right people, namely the neoconservatives. Mr. Kristol then sallied forward to tell us, in the *Wall Street Journal*, that "I regret to inform Pat Buchanan that those [i.e., the culture] wars are over, and the left has won. . . . the left today completely dominates the educational system, the entertainment industry, the universities, the media." "One of these days the tide will turn," he writes, but there is nothing anyone can do about it now. Well, no doubt some day the tide will turn, but when it does it will not be because Mr. Kristol was paddling in the right direction. If Antonio Gramsci had had comrades like Irving Kristol and Michael Joyce, Mussolini could have used his prisons for more serious threats to his power.

As far as I can see, there is virtually no reason to think that either the Republican Party leadership or the neoconservative intelligentsia or for that matter most of the mainstream conservative establishment either wants or is able to mount an effective challenge to the dominant cultural apparatus of the left in this country. They do not want to do so because they are perfectly happy holding petty offices, publishing reams of background papers, and giving each other immense financial donations within the left's framework of cultural and political hegemony, and the most that they want to do is trim up that framework, reform it, take it over themselves, and, in Mr. Joyce's term, "ameliorate" it. They are not able to mount an effective challenge because the establishment right has long isolated itself from the grassroots foundations of the real American culture and locked itself in its phone booth, where they employ their time and money making conference calls to each other, periodically emerging to raid the direct-mail icebox, and venturing all the way to Milwaukee to squeeze another large slice of the Bradley family's fortune out of Mr. Joyce.

The people who are challenging the cultural hegemony of the left and are trying to construct a "counter-hegemonic force" are the American people themselves, through the efforts of leaders like Mary Cummins and her allies in the belly of the beast, New York City, and through similar efforts in Colorado, Oregon, California, and other states where the long silent and dormant core of American civilization is beginning to awaken. These efforts are not the products of strategies thought out in the Beltway, and as far as I know they owe nothing to the financial largesse of conservative foundations. They are largely local in orientation and thereby reflect the authentic grassroots nature of the real American culture. Independent of both the federal state and its cultural tentacles, they do not merely replicate the assumptions of the incumbent cultural regime; they express their own vision of culture, and in their activism they defy the kind of passivity that the dominant culture seeks to induce in Americans. If they are going to develop and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flourish in the future, they need to undertake three things.

First, they need to enlarge their numbers and avoid remaining in the political and cultural ghetto that so-called "movement conservatism" represents. This means that they cannot look to large conservative foundations or even to very many other conservatives for help, since the effect—if not the purpose—of those organizations is to make local groups dependent on their assistance and thereby confine them within the ghetto. Grassroots groups need to find ways they can expand beyond those already sympathetic to them and enlist the energies of other Americans who have not previously been involved or interested in cultural war, and to do this they need to look for new issues beyond their present range of concerns and interests. By doing so not only will they gain strength through new adherents but they will also be able to retain their financial and organizational independence and the integrity of their agendas.

Second, these groups need, to use a phrase of the left, to raise consciousness—not only to expand their numbers but also to educate other Americans in how the Middle American core is exploited by the dominant authorities, how traditional American culture is being subverted and destroyed, and what this destruction means to the country and its citizens. Long-standing issues of the populist right like abortion or relatively new ones like homosexuality, school curricula, and gun control cannot be seen or fought in isolation from issues that have not previously been issues at all, such as trade, immigration, and an America First foreign policy, and activists should use all these issues to inform previously inactive citizens and groups of how they are all the victims of an alien domination and of what they can do to resist it.

Third, local efforts will eventually need to develop a national political consciousness and a national reach. While Gramsci was undoubtedly right that political power without cultural hegemony is pointless, it is these very grassroots groups that for the first time in living memory offer a firm cultural and popularly based foundation for enduring and effective political power on the right. Only if they can eventually be coordinated into a national movement that still retains its independence, its integrity, and its local and activist character can they become the effective base for a national political campaign or a presidential administration, and only if a national campaign or an administration possesses such a national cultural base can it or its supporters expect to accomplish what is necessary—to break the federal leviathan apart at its joints and dismantle its apparatus of cultural domination, its revolting and repressive culture, and its phony and disgusting cultural elite and to create a new national and cultural consciousness of what it means to be an American. The strategy by which this new American revolution can take place may well come from what was cooked up in the brain of a dying communist theoretician in a Fascist jail cell 60 years ago, but we can make use of it not to build the lies of socialism and the enslavement of communism but to conserve the freedom and dignity that American civilization has always represented and can represent again, if only we have the strength and the will and the common purpose to take back our country and our culture. c

THE WISDOM OF THE PLANNED GIFT

There are many ways to give to educational and charitable organizations such as The Rockford Institute, publisher of *Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture*. Most people make direct gifts, which result in a "charitable deduction" from their taxable income in a given year. But there are other ways to give that can preserve income or assets for a donor and his beneficiaries, avoid capital gains and estate taxes, and benefit the Institute or other charities. These are often referred to as "planned gifts."

The Rockford Institute's **Pooled Income Fund** provides income to a donor or his beneficiary and can be initiated at the $5,000 level or above. The amount in the fund can be increased each year, and the amount of income depends on the performance of the pooled fund. This fund has both high income and growth-oriented investments, and the return is generally much higher than stock dividends. The amount of charitable tax deduction for the gift depends on the fair market value of the assets contributed (there is no capital gains tax on stock contributions) and is related to the age of the donor or beneficiaries. There is no capital gains tax for the donor on the increased value of the fund over time. Upon the death of the donor or beneficiary, the assets would bypass estate taxes and go to the Institute.

Michael Warder, Legacy Program, The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103

☐ Please send me general information on "Planned Giving" options.
☐ Please send me information on the Institute's **Pooled Income Fund**.

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____ PHONE_____

If you have a specific asset, such as stocks, that you are considering for a contribution, and if you would like the Institute to evaluate the financial tax implications for your gift, please include the following information:

SS #_____ SS #(SPOUSE)_____

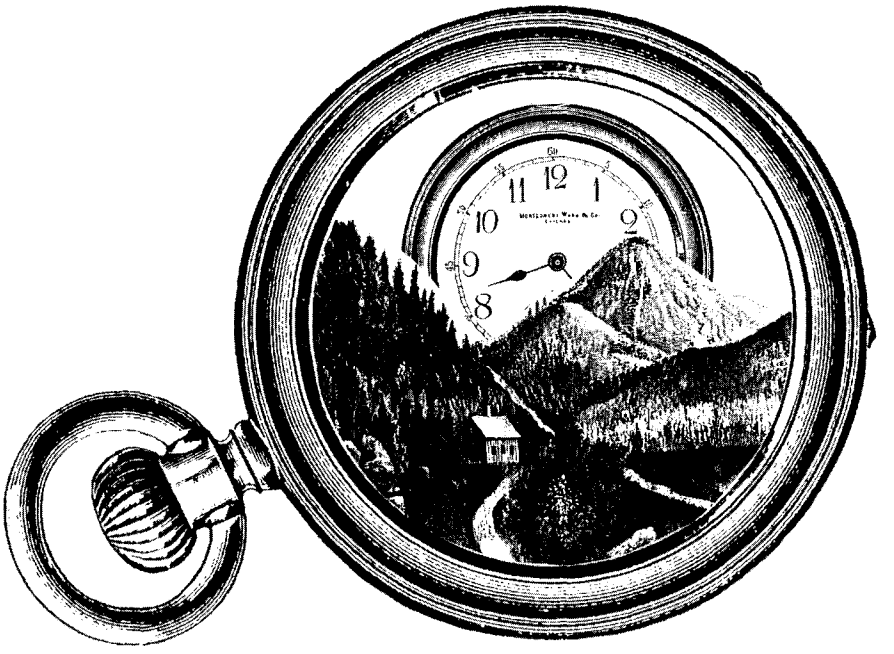
COST OF ASSET_____ ESTIMATED MARKET VALUE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There Are Left the Mountains

American Writers and the Perishing Republic

by Bill Kauffman



Igor Kopelnitsky

Archibald MacLeish—"macarchibald maclapdog mac-leish," e.e. cummings dubbed him—wondered, from his sinecure as Librarian of Congress in 1940, why "the writers of our generation in America" had such a provincial indifference to the war in Europe. They seemed, in Bernard De Voto's phrase, more interested in Paris, Illinois, than in Paris, France.

The reaction to this poetaster's question—indeed, the fact that it was asked at all—tells us much about the lost America of prewar days. MacLeish was jeered by his peers and taken to task by his more talented and "acutely isolationist" coeval Edmund Wilson, who harrumphed that MacLeish "has a good deal to say about liberty . . . but he makes it perfectly plain that he believes that, as a matter of policy, certain kinds of dissentient writers should be discouraged from expressing their ideas."

This has ever been true, as those who chorus loudest in the pews of Democracy jam the decapitated heads of heretics in the sacristy, but in Wilson's day the dissentients had moxie enough to protest. I am reminded of a reporter who traveled recently to Wilson's hometown of Talcottville, New York. The visitor asked the locals for their recollections of the great man; typical was the woman who remembered, as a girl, walking home from school past Wilson's Old Stone House every day, and every day a stout stuttering drunk would emerge onto the porch to holler "G-g-g-get the hell out of here!" This is curmudgeonliness beyond the call of duty, but the proprietary principle underlying Wilson's bile is valuable: the lawn (and this country) belonged to him, and he would not allow interlopers to defile it.

Edmund Wilson had plenty of company. Citizens of the United States have accepted the myth that American writers—make that all persons of intelligence and worth—had rallied to the banner of Mars by 1940. Oh, there were exceptions, we suppose—for instance the insane Jew-baiting fascist Ezra Pound or the Germanophile poet George Sylvester Viereck—but they merely confirm the rule. In fact, the MacLeishes were outnumbered (and outwritten) by the Wilsons, and for every Edna St. Vincent Millay versifying the magnificence of mass slaughter there was a Robinson Jeffers issuing dark warnings that war carried the pod of the empire that would replace our perishing Republic. Indeed, it is useful to think of Jeffers and Wilson and company as the men fighting to stay human in Don Siegel's classic *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. If they are sometimes hysterical, so was Wilson's brother-in-law Kevin McCarthy, whose idyllic Santa Mira was remade as thoroughly as our America.

American writers were once citizens of the Republic first and foremost, and they participated in the nation's governance as such. The best were by and large Jeffersonians: figures as disparate as Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville, and Walt Whitman called themselves "Loco Focos," the libertarian purists of the Jacksonian era. The dominant political coloring of American writers has been "petty-bourgeois anarchist," in Ursula Le Guin's self-description. You can trace a straight line and it connects the unlikeliest dots, from Emerson ("Massachusetts, in its heroic day, had no government—was an anarchy. Every man stood on his own feet, was his own governor; and there was no breach of peace from Cape Cod to Mount

---

Bill Kauffman is author of the novel Every Man a King.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hoosac") to Hemingway ("I hate tyranny and, I suppose, government. . . . No larger unit than the village can exist without things being impossible").

When in 1898 a confused William McKinley ignored the sound Ohio advice of his front-porch advisors Mark Hanna and William Rufus "Good" Day and plunged us into war with Spain, a wide variety of men of letters opposed our splendid little misadventure, among them William Dean Howells, Mark Twain, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Hamlin Garland, and William Graham Sumner. They were a politically diverse lot, ranging from the mild Ohio socialism of Howells to Professor Sumner's Yale laissez-faire capitalism, and though Theodore Roosevelt called them "unhung traitors," they were patriots of the Republic who despaired at "seeing the America of my youthful dreams vanish from my sight," in E.L. Godkin's plangent words.

Four decades later the imperial reveries of the Roosevelt of Oyster Bay were materializing under his fifth cousin from Hyde Park. This time, even more American writers went into opposition: Sherwood Anderson, e.e. cummings, Kathleen Norris, Theodore Dreiser, William Saroyan, Louise Bogan, Edgar Lee Masters, Henry Miller, Henry W. Clune, Sinclair Lewis, Samuel Hopkins Adams, and Dwight Macdonald, among others. How perfect that Lewis, Anderson, and Masters, the Midwestern trio that led what was (mistakenly) termed "the revolt from the village"—in fact each sought to *revive* the village—were isolationist defenders of the old America.

Masters, the crotchety elder of the bunch, could have told them what was in store for those who object to a holy war. The Spoon River poet had had a picturesque Illinois boyhood that endowed him with a confident Americanism. As a lad, Masters had known Lincoln's law partner, William Herndon, and John McNamar, the man who dumped Ann Rutledge into melancholy Abe's lap. Cussedly independent, Masters became a vituperative critic of Father Abraham and a poetic champion of his state's unfavorite son, Stephen Douglas. His hostile *Life of Lincoln* (1931) provoked critical vitriol, which spattered the poet's oeuvre; his reputation, already tarnished by his uneven work since *Spoon River Anthology* in 1915, sunk to the level of Edgar Guest.

Sure, Masters could be sour and splenetic, but he was also a sentimental Jeffersonian who as a young man loathed the Spanish-American War and insisted that his hero William Jennings Bryan "hold America to its noble path, its primal vision." Forty years later the primal vision was dimming, and Masters slipped into senectitude, bitter about the leitmotif of American history, that of the good guys—Douglas and Bryan and Masters—losing, time after time, and getting clobbered by the history books withal.

Not all of these writers who fought and mourned the Republic's demise were of a high order. Samuel Hopkins Adams, for instance, the feisty muckraker of Lake Owasco, fits Vernon Parrington's assessment of William Cullen Bryant: "He may not have been a great poet, but he was a great American." Such a description also applies to Kathleen Norris, the prolific ladies' novelist who spoke frequently at America First gatherings. Mrs. Norris spent her girlhood among the redwoods in Mill Valley, California, where, as she describes in her charming autobiographical sketch *Noon* (1925), her father "read us the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address, and talked to us of the glories of our own nation."

Of our own nation. What a pregnant locution. It was *our* nation, these writers knew, and they were not afraid to raise their voices when the political leadership acted foolishly or malevolently. Sinclair Lewis would have scoffed at Norris's claim that "the happiest life in the world" was "the life of American women in a small American town," but that is because he seriously believed that Gopher Prairie, which he loved beyond measure, should be an American Athens. The decentralist populism implicit in Mrs. Norris's formulation provided the only real alternative to the New Deal. Its political expression was articulated by such men as Senators Burton K. Wheeler, Gerald P. Nye, and Hiram Johnson; it looked to the plains towns and tidy villages, to the shopowners and farmers and artisans and anyone else who, like Edmund Wilson, "thinks up his own notions and signs his own name."

The mighty cities were falling, and the dreams had taken to the hinterlands. From Carmel, Robinson Jeffers wrote:

> But for my children, I would have them keep their
> distance from the thickening center; corruption
> Never has been compulsory, when the cities lie at the
> monster's feet there are left the mountains.

The specter of regimentation bothered even the more perceptive interventionists. Playwright Maxwell Anderson, a reluctant hawk, warned that "participation in a modern war means dictatorship, even for us, and the abrogation of our liberties. Dictatorships are hard to get rid of, liberties are hard to win back."

Anderson was an ornery Pennsylvanian. His Pulitzer Prize-winning play *Both Your Houses* (1933) featured a fresh young congressman so naive he makes Frank Capra's Mr. Smith look like Dan Rostenkowski. The honest tyro quickly learns that "the sole business of government is graft, special privilege and corruption." Despite his rough baptism he remains an optimist, convinced that sooner or later the People will revolt, but a wiser hack delivers a prescient postscript: "They're just learning to pay taxes," he says of the suckers beyond the Potomac. "In a few more years you'll really give 'em taxes to pay." Anderson was a peculiarly American sort of crank who refused to fill out his Social Security application on the grounds that it infringed upon his rights as a freeman. (Governments are "run by pimps who get kicked out of hothouses for picking the customers' pockets," a rebel soldier says in the playwright's superb 1934 verse drama, *Valley Forge*.)

Maxwell Anderson learned firsthand the narrowing limits of dissent in the brave new Republic. His original script for *Knickerbocker Holiday* (1938), a collaboration with Kurt Weill, contained numerous pungent references to FDR until his fellow members of The Playwrights Company—rugged recusants all, they would tell you, carefree bohemian seekers of the truth—pressured him to soften the satire. So toothless was his revised script that the President himself heartily enjoyed a D.C. production of the play. Anderson did, however, refuse to attend a cast party at the White House—the ultimate humiliation for a proud heterodox man.

Anderson-like submission was never an option for an obstreperous Armenian boy from Fresno, William Saroyan. As a lad he was a dreamy foe of nationalism; his early story *Antranik of Armenia* rages against the futility of war: "It is always people, not nations, because it is all one nation, the living, so why . . . kill one another?" Yet he was also a proud son of the diaspora. Carol Marcus, the snotty deb who married Saroyan twice and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has since spent five decades knocking him, wrote, "You could not spend more than five minutes with Bill without knowing not only that he was Armenian, but that he was THE Armenian. You learned in a half hour the entire history of the Armenian people and even a few words of their language." Saroyan was a patriot in the Mark Twain sense of "loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office-holders."

It was *our* nation, these writers knew, and they were not afraid to raise their voices when the political leadership acted foolishly or malevolently.

Carol, the model for Truman Capote's Holly Golightly (and now married to the fine rumpled actor Walter Matthau), recalls that Saroyan's fire was damped when he was drafted in 1942. Rejecting her comforting thought that things would soon return to normal, he said, "It will never be the same." Carol adds, "And he wasn't. He never got over the war. It ruined his life." William Saroyan was not killed or maimed in combat; he never so much as sliced his finger doing KP duty. He was ruined because he was a gregarious anarchist, a free Armenian-American spirit at a time when the country had been taken over by men like MacLeish, who had "the soul of a meat axe and the mind of a commissar," to swipe Clare Boothe Luce's description of Harold Ickes.

Lousy at soldiering, miserable in his London billet, Saroyan struck a deal with Kentucky agrarian-turned-superhawk Herbert Agar in the Office of War Information. He would churn out a patriotic novel in exchange for a month-long furlough in New York with Carol and his infant son. The novel *The Adventures of Wesley Jackson* may well be the best thing Saroyan ever wrote. It is a charming tale of a shy 19-year-old draftee from San Francisco with a Saroyanesque kind heart who comes to feel that "our own Army was the enemy." Wesley Jackson chooses loyalty to his drunken Pop and waif of a wife and shambling pals over obedience to the authorities. "There is no truth excepting it is from love," he learns, and the knowledge fills him with contempt for the liars and poltroons who run his country. Attached to a unit of writers and directors making training films, Wesley comes to despise these intellectuals who are "full of the lust to kill, full of hate for the dirty little yellow-belly Japs or the cowardly Germans, and full of a most astonishing and superhuman courage in the face of death. But they always drove out to the country in the evening, and when everybody else got shipped overseas they were still writing scenarios for films encouraging everybody else to face death like a scenario writer."

Imagine Commissar Herbert Agar's face as he reads this manuscript, ostensibly a propaganda job, which ends, "Human beings must not murder one another. They must wait for God to take them in His own good time." Agar and his fellow educated censors were furious. They rejected the novel, canceled the leave, and even threatened the author with court-martial.

When the book was finally published in 1946, Saroyan earned his time on the cross. "He uses fantasy and sentimentality for a dangerous and sinful purpose—to discredit the causes in which we fought and the men who did the fighting," fumed Irwin Shaw in the *New York Times Book Review*. Actually, the "men who did the fighting" come off quite well, as ordinary people always do in Saroyan's works.

No matter. Overnight, the immensely popular Saroyan went into one of those eclipses that we later profess to be inexplicable but whose causes are in fact plain even to the purblind. His new country had become unrecognizable, so he retreated, in spirit, to the old. He grew a walrus mustache and played the part of Armen Armenian to perfection. His only outlets were the small and experimental presses, and even the worthy episodic memoirs he gave us in his final years attracted little notice. The daring young man had fallen from the trapeze, and to a scornful clerisy he was just a bloated Armenian elder sipping arrack in the taverns of Fresno.

Saroyan became a bitter old man beside whom Edmund Wilson seemed a mellow, cuddly teddy bear. He wrote a brilliant obit for Carl Sandburg, observing that the People, Yes! poet "had no failure or frustration, had never been accused of treason, never committed to a hospital for the insane, never been hated, despised, held in contempt, abandoned, hounded, misunderstood, misinterpreted, scorned, belittled, dishonored." Like Maxwell Anderson, Saroyan committed lese majesty. He later loved to boast that he and James Thurber, alone among a throng of artists being schmoozed at Hyde Park by the First Family, refused to shake FDR's hand. Petty and ungentlemanly or a defiant act of conscience: you make the call.

William Saroyan stood as resolute and upright as he could while the arrows whizzed by his head. He was not imperturbable like Charles Lindbergh, but then Lindy had the love of Anne Morrow, and Bill was being dumped by a spoiled brat. Against the *New York Times* and the U.S. Army, a bibulous, garrulous Armenian anarchist hadn't a chance.

Nor did Robinson Jeffers, however popular his poetry, however impregnable Tor House, the stone cottage he built with his own hands. Jeffers had seen "the dance of the Dream-led masses down the dark mountain" a quarter-century before, and like other American republicans he feared a replay. Jeffers suffered the indignity of a publisher's disclaimer prefacing his volume *The Double Axe* (1948). Affixed by Bennett Cerf, it stated, "Random House feels compelled to go on record with its disagreement over some of the political views pronounced by the poet." Cerf congratulated himself for recognizing "the writer's freedom to express his convictions boldly and forthrightly" but refrained from mentioning that ten poems had been expurgated from the book. (One of the suppressed poems had FDR meeting Woodrow Wilson in Hell; another envisioned bombers dropping "wreaths of roses" upon a cheerful village whose boys hang "Hitler and Roosevelt in one tree, / Painlessly, in effigy." No one ever accused Jeffers of obliqueness.)

The poet—"an old-fashioned Jeffersonian republican . . . defender of the spartan and honest American commonweal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against the thickening of the empire," in Robert Hass's phrase—had prescience, which we often confuse with pessimism. As early as 1943 he predicted:

> Two bloody summers from now (I suppose) we shall
> have
> to take up the corrupting burden and curse of victory.
> We shall have to hold half the earth; we shall be sick
> with self-disgust,
> And hated by friend and foe, and hold half the earth—
> or let it go, and go down with it. Here is a burden
> We are not fit for. We are not like Romans and
> Britons—natural world-rulers,
> Bullies by instinct—but we have to bear it. Who has
> kissed Fate on the mouth, and blown out the lamp—
> must lie with her.

For his prevision and refusal to jettison his anachronistic beliefs, Jeffers "put his signature on a death warrant," William Everson has written. Critics who one year earlier had lauded Jeffers' adaptation of *Medea* as a major achievement in American drama now spat upon the pariah. A "necrophilic nightmare!" *Time* kecked at *The Double Axe*. Jeffers' eclipse was as complete as Saroyan's—though, happily, a later generation of naturalists revived the man who loved avian hawks and detested the human kind.

The antiwar writers were not, in the main, pacifists. They were American patriots who understood that war and the resultant empire would bury the American Republic and corrupt the American people. This was true even of the pedigreed conscientious objector Robert Lowell. The Great Descendant had an endearing New England proprietary patriotism. Like a true Brahmin, he sent President Roosevelt a "Declaration of Personal Responsibility," which explained that "in 1943 we are collaborating with the most unscrupulous and powerful of totalitarian dictators to destroy law, freedom, democracy, and above all, our continued national sovereignty." A Massachusetts eccentric and hater of cant, Lowell would have no part of a crusade-in-arms with Stalin. The poet won a stint behind the metal of honor for his resistance. (Twenty-five years later Lowell accompanied one of the last of the American republicans, Senator Eugene McCarthy, on his suicidal challenge to the Democratic establishment. The painfully earnest young liberals who surrounded McCarthy regarded Lowell as a debilitating distraction: in Lowell's company, the candidate would joke and drink and compose irreverent doggerel and act altogether human and unworthy of ADA support.)

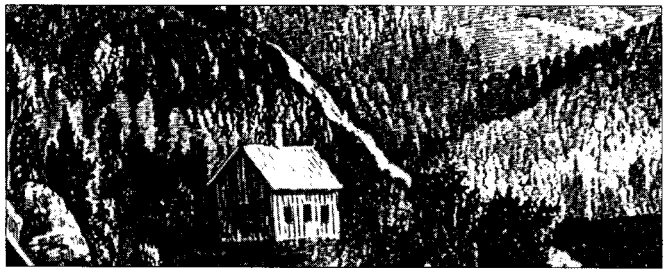
Despite the widespread anti-FDR sentiment one finds among American writers, disappointingly few novelists wrote explicitly political books about the ways in which the New Deal and the Good War were changing America. John Dos Passos contributed a diffuse novel, *The Grand Design* (1949), which follows two well-meaning mid-level New Dealers from the First One Hundred Days to the onset of war as they try "to make America over from Portland, Oregon, to Brownsville on the Rio Grande."

Halfway through the novel Dos Passos abandons his story and runs off to scrawl placards denouncing manipulative communists who dupe lonely single career gals into spilling state secrets. This is the dreary internal world of someone who has sat through way too many sectarian left taffy-pulls. If only he had been indifferent to the Spanish Civil War, as most good Americans were, he would not have cluttered his books with such urgent sloganeering, and we would be more convinced when Dos Passos concludes *The Grand Design* with this adjuration:

> we must learn
> to found again
> in freedom
> our republic.

Dos Passos' friend Edmund Wilson thought *The Grand Design* a decent novel that was poorly received because it "shocked people as blasphemy against the Great White Father." Dos Passos was a good amateur historian who understood what was up in his changing country, and the knowledge accounts for the miry funk into which his midcentury fiction fell. Wilson, too, kenned our predicament, which is why he, almost alone among major critics, paid respectful attention to Dos Passos' "right-wing" novels.

The amiable dispute between these two old pals tells us much about the crazy skew of American politics. They agreed on almost all the big issues: but for the lack of italicized prose poetry, Wilson's *The Cold War and the Income Tax* (1963) could be taken for a terser Dos Passos in a foul mood. Alas, the white noise of the left-right din deafened them to the harmony of their views, and they quarreled over trifling matters such as Dos Passos' ardor for Barry Goldwater, which Wilson called "too girlish for words."



More effective than Dos Passos at limning the ways in which America had been remade was John P. Marquand, who by 1941 had adopted a public pose of political ambiguity, thus avoiding—partly—the calumny heaped upon more forthright isolationists. Mrs. Adelaide Marquand was the America Firster, and while her husband was sympathetic he didn't need a weatherman to tell him which way the wind blew. John P. told a friend in 1939 that the monies raised at his Harvard class reunion should be put to "keeping America out of the European war," but a year later he was throwing up his hands: "I find myself in the uncomfortable position of not being able to decide what the United States ought to do in this war." He permitted the America First Committee to hold dinners at his apartment, where he hobnobbed with Norman Thomas and Charles Lindbergh, but he assured his interventionist friends, "Don't bother about Adelaide's America First stuff—an activity with which I have never been wholly in sympathy, and less now than ever before." Marquand straddled the fence, a good Republican, a "non-New Dealer" who insisted, "There has never been any isolationist sentiment to speak of . . . among those who are in the New England tradition."

But his skillful novels make plain the author's sympathies. *So Little Time*, published in 1943, is a requiem for the old Amer-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ica, disappearing in the smoke and clangor of wartime. *B.F.'s Daughter* (1946), which the author called "a novel of manners" drawn from his wartime service in Washington, contains a scoffing portrait of a New Deal speechwriter, Tom Brett, demotic on the surface but walking evidence that "all liberals were turning into self-righteous, complacent social snobs." Tom marries the daughter of a headstrong but honest titan of industry who, as one fatuous radio chickenhawk puts it, "represented a way of life and a mechanism of life that is completely gone. . . . It's gone, and I don't know where it went, and what's more, I can't entirely remember what it was, although we all lived in it. We're like fish being moved from one aquarium to another."

This idea (minus the piscine metaphor) recurs throughout the novel. The war is changing America: indeed, "nothing matters that happened before the war." A new order is at hand, drab and grey and conformist. "No one seems to be an individual anymore," one spirited lady complains, even as the air is thick with platitudes about the Four Freedoms and the coming More Abundant Life. "Personally, I thought the world we used to live in, cockeyed though it was, was better," says one of Marquand's gentlemen. So did many Americans.

By the 1950's it was all over. America was remade, from sea to shining sea, and though the Beats noticed this and raised a fuss ("America was invested with wild self-believing individuality and this had begun to disappear around the end of World War II with so many great guys dead," fretted Jack Kerouac), they were condemned as barbarians and then ridiculed and then honored for all the wrong reasons, and finally these holy fools were dealt the coup de grace of postwar America: they got tenure and won NEA grants.

By 1963 Edmund Wilson, despairing that "our country has become today a huge blundering power unit controlled more and more by bureaucracies whose rule is making it more and more difficult to carry on the tradition of American individualism," had concluded that "this country, whether or not I continue to live in it, is no longer any place for me." Wilson stayed, though no one much cared, and in his final years he retreated to Talcottville, as secluded a fastness as any Jeffers mountain. He died deeply in debt to the IRS, which needed the money to fill up yet another blood-lake.

Wilson was one of the lucky ones. He was treated indulgently, as a kind of national village crank, but even the Presidential Medal of Freedom that his fellow America Firster John F. Kennedy awarded him could not keep Wilson from falling—with Masters and Saroyan and the rest—into the slough of despond. The Republic had perished, and these men were quite unable to revive it. They left us only road maps, soiled upon issue and now yellowed from years of neglect, but readable just the same.

Underwater

by Rudolph Schirmer

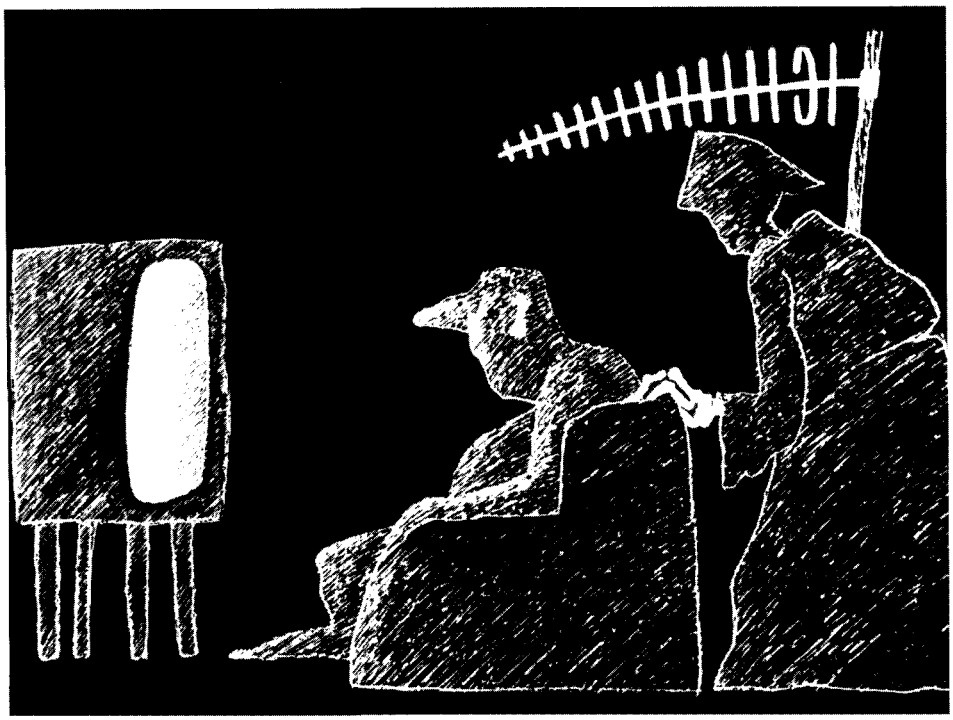
Lord of what current rules the flowing kingdom
Where the lorn Monarch of Mud repines
And water lilies all but bow in homage
To the slumberland of make-believe?

Ah, and what subjects—turtles, toads, amphibians—
Profess their fealty in ribald speech,
Miring their tributes in a tangent pool
Where only the finned Treasurer can find them!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Plains States and America's Future

by Anthony Harrigan



Igor Kopelnitsky

The halls and vast columned spaces of the St. Scholastica convent in Atchison, Kansas, are dark and empty now. The sisters who filled these buildings with busy religious life for several generations are dead or departed into the secular world with the virtual demise of convent life as a result of Vatican II. I talk quietly in a corner of the chapel with an aged nun who remains true to her vows and who, after 60 years as a religious, is dutiful, obedient, and devoted. The world is full of disappearing or vanished eras, and the ordered life of a large convent, grounded in the ancient ways of Christendom, is only one of many forms of existence that have been damaged by time's relentless flood.

The end is all around us in life, as small and large epochs are eclipsed. In small towns and great cities entire communities lie asleep in graveyards, marked only by weathering letters on marble markers. Life that is so vivid for a little while quickly becomes lost from sight. With each generation there is a new, albeit ephemeral phase of modernity, which in time fades away. Civilized life is periodic in character. In Atchison, London, New York, Mexico City, or wherever, the vibrant structures of a decade, generation, or century soon become skeletons. Entire eras, like individuals, disappear unless uncovered and brought to life by scholars, writers, and moralists.

Only in the historical mind's eye do the human actors and patterns of a past time live in glowing detail. Fragments survive, of course, and this is good. French architect Le Corbusier, writing in *When the Cathedrals were White*, said that "there are living pasts and dead pasts. Some parts are the liveliest instigators of the present and the best springboards into the future." But the corpus of an era, the rich fabric of another age, is usually lost from sight. The obliteration of a world is a cruel process because so much human energy, imagination, belief, and effort go into the construction of any era, no matter how brief. To have a generation's work covered over so quickly makes life itself seem terrifyingly transient, and one's own time seems dangerously imperiled even as one lives it. Hence the desire on the part of archaeologists to preserve or recover pieces of the fabric of an earlier life, whether public buildings or places of worship. These searchers after a buried past delight in comprehending the customs, mores, language, pleasures, sorrows, and dreams of people whose epoch has ended. America, despite its brief history, has seen an extraordinary number of distinct eras, and despite the fact that America is the land of the bulldozer, where "progress" has been worshiped and "urban renewal" has meant the obliteration of handsome, ordered communities, vestiges of other eras remain and are increasingly cherished.

One such place where a portion of the past survives, a place off the beaten track of contemporary life, is Atchison, Kansas. High on a bluff above the Missouri River stands a remarkable collection of homes built by railroad executives, real estate barons, and prominent merchants in the late 19th century. Amelia Earhart, the pioneer aviatrix, grew up in one of the oldest homes here, a Browning cottage built in 1850. Nearby are numerous opulent mansions built in the 1870's and 1890's. The stained glass windows, parquet floors, gaslights, Romanesque columns, towers, and turrets testify to the imagination and inventiveness of the original owners who commis-

---

Anthony Harrigan is a former president of the U.S. Business and Industrial Council and a research fellow of the National Humanities Institute in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sioned these dwelling places. The survival of the structural shell of a house is not enough to bring alive a vanished time. Fortunately, it sometimes happens that the interior furnishings of a house remain as they were when the dwelling was a frame for family life. In one such house in Atchison, the furnishings include a great variety of personal possessions of the original owners so that it is possible to get the feel of a bygone time in this Plains state. In the Evan C. Cray home, the world of the 1880's is revealed in the old Corona typewriter, the harpsichord and Packard parlor organ, the baby carriage, youth chair, icebox, and butcher's block. To be sure, wallpaper, carving, and ornamental glass cannot reveal the inner lives of the inhabitants. One can only guess at their ambitions, affections, disappointments, and anxieties.

The Plains states continue to feel pressures from the big cities on the two coasts, though the strongest pressures are now cultural rather than economic.

From the perspective of modern life, the old house on the bluff at Atchison appears extraordinarily placid and free of stress. We forget that death was with the generation of the 1880's to a degree unknown in middle-class America in the 1990's. Medical care was of the most primitive sort. A child's earache could be fatal. Appendicitis was a catastrophe without remedy. A father or mother could be taken away from a family after an illness of a day or two. A family might well experience the loss of one or more children in their infancy or preadult years. My own paternal great-grandparents, William and Ellen Rodgers Harrigan, had 13 children, of which only four survived to adulthood. It was said that a black funeral wreath was always on the door of their home on Scammel Street in New York City. The sufferings of the times shaped the character of men and women, either destroying them or steeling them for a harsh life, making them exceptionally strong. The reality of suffering undoubtedly accounts for their reliance on the consolation of religion and for church building and church attendance. In our time, insulated as we are by modern medicine, suffering, when it comes, is more of a shock, more devastating in its unexpectedness.

The photography of the 1880's and 1890's sheds light on the attitudes of the times. The faces in so many family pictures are stony and devoid of humor. Perhaps it was the more openly Darwinian character of society that accounts for the grim outlook reflected in the photographs of people young and old. If they looked grim, one also has to bear in mind that there was not only the constant threat of fatal illness but the absence of any safety net under the vast majority of people. It was a world of hardship and deprivation for people in the more humble walks of life, certainly in the isolated communities of the Plains states. The shanties in towns and cities have not survived, but we know that bringing in coal and wood and taking out ashes were demanding tasks in an era when "the survival of the fittest" made little allowance for those who were not fit or who lacked stamina, education, or opportunity.

The inner life of communities on the Plains in the 1880's, or any other chapter of history, is impossible to recreate in its entirety—even when there are literary remains or letters to study. Some eras are notable for the candor of the people, but people in other eras—the Victorian period, for one—were extremely reticent. Jeanne S. Richardson, in *Here Lies Sioux Falls* (1992), takes a penetrating look at the lives and deaths of a number of the men and women of Sioux Falls of yesteryear, beginning with the settlement of the city on the treeless plain adjacent to the great falls of the Sioux River. The earliest years of the settlement of Sioux Falls in the Dakota Territory were the classic Western story of danger from hostile Indians and of the safeguarding of villagers by the U.S. Cavalry. Life involved occupations, ills, hardships, and joys that were peculiar to the time and are not features of modern life. The dread diseases were typhoid, diphtheria, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, and pneumonia. Farmers outside the city were confronted with grasshopper plagues. An ordinary home in the 1870's cost $800, but the rich on "Nob Hill" sometimes paid as much as $10,000 for a brick mansion. Livery stables and hack services were essential to community life. Progress meant cement sidewalks and brick streets. A prosperous citizen might be a brewmaster who owned a malting works. A major project in Minnehaha County was the building of the Odd Fellows Hall or a courthouse made of quartzite. Many parents of Sioux Falls citizens were homesteaders. The streets were filled with hay-hauling wagons. Children were born at home. The Catholic faith was taken to outlying areas of South Dakota in a railway car fitted out as a chapel. Men spent their lives as brakemen on trains. A prominent Sioux Falls citizen who died in another city might be brought home on a special funeral train. A business secret of the time might involve the procedure for making stonecutting tools. In the dark of the night men were known to lose their lives as the result of a hit-and-run wagon or carriage. All this made for a very different texture of life—a texture utterly dissimilar from our own.

The hazards of life were no different in nearby Nebraska of the same period. In his biography of Loren Eiseley, Gale E. Christianson documents the disasters that struck the grandfather of this Nebraska-born naturalist, essayist, and poet: the arrival of the financial panic of 1893, drought, the collapse of a sugar beet business, bankruptcy, and the consequent necessity to eke out a meager existence on a $22.50 monthly Civil War pension.

Though the promise of the 20th century fired the imagination of those who were adults at the turn of the century—particularly with the arrival of the automobile, which radically altered both rural and urban life—it was not a time of unalloyed blessings for the people of the Plains states. In many ways, economic life seemed much less free than in the 1880's. There was a keen awareness of the harsh dominance of Eastern capital, which produced severe political fallout. There was a growing belief that the agriculturists of the Plains were beholden to or the victims of bankers, railroad magnates, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grain elevator owners in the East. The farmers of the Plains states found themselves in steadily worsening trouble, and the Grand Old Party, which had commanded almost universal loyalty for a long time after the Civil War, was viewed as being in the grip of the Eastern interests and unwilling to help the people and areas that produced so much of the nation's food supply. The country was turning into an industrial society under the control of huge corporate entities, and farmers were no longer regarded, as Thomas Jefferson had described them, as "the chosen people of God." By the 1890's, the price of wheat had fallen 50 cents a bushel. An antifarmer bias had begun to develop in the big Eastern cities, a bias that continues today, as evidenced by a recent description on public television of rural people as "hay shakers."

The Eastern interests had taken advantage of the commercial opportunities presented by the opening of new farmlands worldwide—from Australia to Argentina and from Canada to Russia—and the people of the Plains states, many of them from Central and Eastern Europe, feared a new vassalage—the development of fiefdoms held by great aggregations of money. Monopolistic railroads overcharged for carrying crops to market. Grain elevators owned outside the region charged exorbitant fees for storage of farm products. A catastrophic deflation, beneficial to the money power of the East, produced a new politics in the region, a politics embodied in the ideas and speeches of William Jennings Bryan. His populist views as editor of the *Omaha World-Herald* were those of much of the region, and the latter found full expression in Bryan's historic "Cross of Gold" speech and his powerful warnings against "the bondage of debt." This antagonism toward the money power of the East led to demands for a federal income tax, an eight-hour work day, and regulation of railroads and utilities and produced such developments as the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota, with establishment of a state-owned bank and a state-owned elevator, institutions which exist to this day. Thus, the seeds of the New Deal were planted at the turn of the century, and at the end of the 20th century there remains a strong feeling in the Plains states that the farming region is still a colony of the East, a colony in which the farm population is supposed to produce the cities' food supplies for a pittance.

The Plains states continue to feel pressures from the big cities on the two coasts, though the strongest pressures are now cultural rather than economic. The great cities, in the eyes of Middle Americans, no longer seem great in the way they were regarded a century ago. The crowded coastal urban regions are widely viewed as hostile to civilized life, as centers of crime and other forms of disorder. As a gas-station attendant in Wamego, Kansas, put it to me when I stopped in a rental car, "I see you come from a district of crime." For students of the human spirit in America, there is poignancy in this public perception. What started out as a noble experiment has degenerated into something resembling the lower depths of the Roman Empire in its time of sharpest decline. In Middle America people refer to Washington as "out there," and "out there" is not an attractive destination at the end of the 20th century.

Gradually, in many parts of the country, there is emerging an awareness that the good life is to be found in the heartland. *Money* magazine, in late 1992, gave Sioux Falls, South Dakota, top ranking for quality of life. The major population centers of East and West, the symbols of urban life in the United States, are accurately seen as places where behavior and communication have been brutalized in ways unimaginable when the century opened. Richard Critchfield, an authority on rural life and the Third World, asks this telling question in *Trees, Why Do You Wait? America's Changing Rural Culture* (1991): "Who would talk of remaking the world in our image?" Yes, who would want our decultured cities that are going over the civilizational brink?

This was not the case with the world of Atchison, Kansas, in the 1880's, or of Omaha or St. Paul in 1900. Then, America represented a strong social order that was closely linked with the civilizational order of the countries whence our immigrant peoples originated. Today, the mechanisms for the effective transmission of Western culture—the schools and media—are morally decayed. They promote instability and neopagan alternative lifestyles that undermine a civilized existence. The horizons of the New Age culture of the 1990's are based upon self-satisfaction, a material and sensual nature, a do-anything, do-as-you-please view.

To find something better, one needs to trek inland, into the more lightly populated, less corrupted parts of the nation where civilized horizons continue to be recognized and where there is a good measure of continuity between generations. "King numbers," to use a phrase of John Randolph of Roanoke, does not reign in the heartland with the absolute power evidenced in the heavily populated cities of bicoastal America. The stratification of life is not as marked; the essential condition of a civilized community, personal safety, continues to exist outside the crowded centers.

Historians of the future, when analyzing the final decade of the 20th century, are likely to look back and ask what happened to the promise of the century and why Americans did not move promptly and effectively to deal with all the unhappy developments in their society. Mirroring the Romans' failure to arrest the decadence that proved their undoing, scholars may conclude that a kind of moral paralysis overcame the country, starting in the 1960's and accelerating into the 1990's. When and where did the loss of community take place? How were the social sanctions, established a century or more earlier, undermined?

They *were* undermined, of course. In a mental back-to-the-future exercise, a kind of future time warp, we might see that the final two decades of this century in the United States had parallels with the life experience of people elsewhere in the modernized world—the world of advanced but destabilizing technology. Vaclav Havel wrote a brilliant essay on the contemporary human dilemma entitled "The End of the Modern Era" in 1992. His essay applies as much to America as to Czechs. He warned that we see our ills as technical defects that can be solved by technology alone. He warned that we must abandon the arrogant belief that the world is merely a puzzle to be solved, "a machine with instructions for use waiting to be discovered, a body of information to be fed into a computer in the hope that, sooner or later, it will spit out a universal solution." This attitude colors all aspects of contemporary life.

The way forward, he rightly said, "is not in the mere construction of universal systemic solutions." It is getting to the heart of reality through personal experience, through the restoration of personal relationships and personal visions. The curse of our times is impersonality, secularism, abstraction, universalist ideologies, and over-reliance on technical approaches to everything. We stressed personal insights and spirituality in earlier eras, but we somehow lost this in an absurd reliance on supposedly scientific representations and sociological statistics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We think "agribusiness" instead of family farm. President Havel made the sage comment that we should seek "new and better ways of managing society, the economy and the world," and these new and better ways, if they represent a personal approach, are likely to be close to the old, traditional ways that were widely rejected in recent decades. In other words, the authentically postmodern should bear a close resemblance to the premodern, for we would be returning to and reinforcing the permanent things.

What will Americans of 2030 think when they walk the streets of New York and Los Angeles as we walk the streets of the 19th-century towns? We cherish the remains of the older towns and cities and take pride in the lives that created those communities and formed the character of those times. It is hard to imagine any thoughtful, civilized American of 2030 looking at the 1980's and 1990's and having similar feelings of pride. In fact, New York and Los Angeles and other aggregations of mass humanity may not even exist then in a recognizable way. They may have imploded, with responsible law-abiding, self-reliant citizens fleeing their precincts, leaving behind masses of irresponsible, lawless, dependent proletarians inhabiting a near-wasteland. Already masses of young men who are unfit for anything but a life of crime fill the big cities, where car theft is a rite of passage and where indiscriminate, drive-by shootings have reduced streets to the condition of Beirut. And the flight from these cities has indeed begun. I think of a financial-district worker in New York City who moved his family to peaceful upstate New York because his seven-year-old daughter had a pistol aimed at her in a city public school. Not only are concerned citizens fleeing the big cities but significant sectors of business as well. New York City and Los Angeles have lost much of their manufacturing base. In 1992 there were fewer manufacturing jobs in the Los Angeles metropolitan area than in 1972, though the population of the area has increased by two million in the same period. Kevin L. Kearns, writing in the *Washington Post*, reported that Japanese companies have decided to locate their plants "away from central cities" in "an attempt to avoid dealing with minority populations."

The Plains states and other parts of the American midcontinent are likely to play a significant role in American life in the future if there is to be a reinvigoration of American spirit by the middle of the 21st century. In this connection, it is important to recognize that this region played a vital role in the introduction of humane reforms in the final years of the 19th and early years of the 20th centuries. So, in the generation or more ahead, it is likely to play an equally important role in the healing and strengthening of American culture.

The ability of this region to serve in a healing capacity stems from the fact that it is the most rural part of the United States, the region where the core values of the older America continue to operate and where the sick lifestyles of alternative cultures gain few adherents. Richard Critchfield argues persuasively that "there is simply no substitute for the farm and small community when it comes to forming human culture." Historian Mark Malvasi of the University of Alabama highlights the civilizational task of upholding "humanity, discipline, restraint and above all deference to an ancestral authority," which aptly describes what the peoples of the Plains states do in their personal and community lives. Their manner of life is different from that of the millions in the giant cities of the East and West. Here are millions who, in the words of Professor Malvasi, "celebrate the autonomy of the individual liberated from the bonds of community."

To be sure, even the most stable and sound regions of the United States are endangered by the assault on decency carried out by the entertainment industry. With their television programs filled with sex—often perverted sex—and violence, the American people are subjected to a brutalization process that dwarfs anything ever conducted by totalitarian regimes of the past. Even *Newsweek*, which usually accepts the twisted mores of contemporary television and motion pictures, wrote that the NBC network's fall 1992 series *I Witness Video* was "an exercise in necroshock (that) comes from the pits of the porn trade." Other networks and cable operations tear at the fabric of our culture, civilization, and moral life by offering programs that approve of homosexuality, sadism, and every other conceivable form of depravity. These programs wash across the minds of the American young and old and introduce fantasies of the most pathological type. The *Today Show* on NBC, for example, devoted part of its September 16, 1992, program to the "etiquette" of condom use, discussing whether the man or woman, or both, should carry condoms on a date. The underlying assumption was that there is not a moral aspect to sex.

The Most Reverend James Sullivan, bishop of Fargo, North Dakota, made this point to me—the corrupting influence of television—in a summer 1992 interview. He warned against acceptance of what is deemed suitable by the force of public opinion in a corrupted era, saying:

> The problem we face in this country is almost exactly the same as was evidenced in the French Revolution, the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany. A cultural revolution in our society has taken place slowly, almost imperceptibly, during the past 30 or 40 years. The sovereignty of God has been replaced by the "god" of public opinion. The United States seems to be driven by the force of what the majority of the people feels the best for them—regardless of any higher law. All forms of sin and perversion can be justified by making an appeal to the omniscient forces of public opinion.

And the situation will only get worse as the greed of the entertainment moguls and advertisers force ever more sordid and sick "entertainment" on Americans of all ages. This forced feeding of filth has to be resisted by the American people if all the work of the moral institutions in society is not to be undone, if the United States is not to be turned into a corpse of a free society on the legislative, judicial, and constitutional levels. As the former chief of police in Washington, D.C., Isaac Fulwood, pointed out in his resignation speech, "the media glamorizes sexually explicit videos such as those of the rap group 2 Live Crew" and are guilty of "putting the finger on the trigger."

Fortunately, history tells us that counterforces to degeneracy and nihilism appear in the darkest places and forms. For example, in a lower-middle-class neighborhood of Lincoln, Nebraska, there is the tiny St. Tikhon Russian Orthodox Church and monastery, where prayers are offered around the clock by devoted monks and where the abbot calls on his parishioners to be "God-inspired outspeakers" and to take action when one sees "a sound recording you believe is obscene being sold to a child or an adult." One does not usually associate Nebraska

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with Orthodoxy or with monastic life—monasticism associated with the struggle against depravity in a large urban community—but new spiritual seeds are being sowed in the capital of Nebraska, a city and a region where people are mindful of their spiritual heritage and the imperatives of human culture for a wholesome society.

From the perspective of the early 1990's, the Plains states are an increasingly important resource for the nation. In a world in which the population may double in size in a few decades, the agricultural capacity of this breadbasket region is of central importance. Its economic destiny will surely be built around its rich agricultural resources. There will be changes, of course, and one of the most important undoubtedly will be a shift in production from raw agricultural commodities to finished agricultural products. It seems inevitable that regional awareness of this will grow and that the process of agricultural development and transformation will involve the creation of a mid-continental economic alliance that will feature interstate cooperation and compacts, widening in time into a true economic community with a formal structure.

A key aspect of the region's potential is the fact that the people of the Plains states have the mental outlook of producers, whereas so many Americans today think of themselves solely as consumers. But it is not only as an agricultural resource base that the region has significance for the nation. With its excellent human stock, sense of community, strong moral base, and absence of the crowding that plagues the two coasts, the Plains states may well harken back to the spirit and organizational initiatives of a century ago when William Jennings Bryan highlighted the need for a moral revolution in the American system. The strength and character of Plains people were manifested again during and after the Great Flood of 1993.

The national moral landscape is a near-disaster in a once truly free, morally healthy, and vigorous society. To comprehend the depths to which great population centers have sunk, one has only to look at New York City, where the school board, over the objection of concerned parents, imposed a "diversity" curriculum that seeks to erase historic teaching about the evil of sexual perversion and where small children are being subjected to sensitivity training to make them accept the idea of homosexual unions. The depravity involved in this process reminds civilized people of the efforts of Nazi school authorities in the 1930's to subvert Christian teachings. The purveyors of sick ideas seek a "final solution" to Judeo-Christian ethics, and the Plains states, as a morally healthy region, therefore represent a takeoff point for the moral revolution that American society as a whole so desperately needs as we approach the end of the millennium. This is the true and greatest significance of the mid-continental region, which has remained largely uncorrupted. Reformation from within, in the spiritual as well as the geographical sense, is a real possibility and tremendous opportunity for the people of the American interior. It is the challenge facing the mid-continent today and tomorrow.

c

Metamorphosis

by Rudolph Schirmer

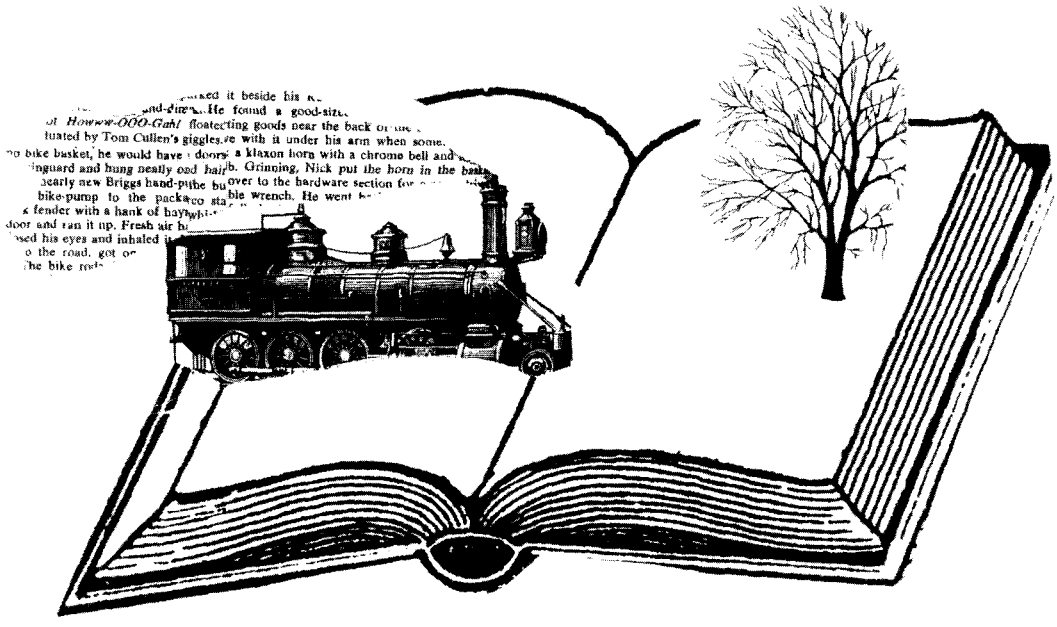
Earthbound, but Heaven-bent.
Schismatic situation!
No wonder that the lark
Became a happy harbinger,
The butterfly a beckoner,
The buttercup a chalice.

So it will be
When after timeless wanderings
Returning home we find
That there have been
Remodelers at work
And what was once a house
Is now a palace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Louis Bromfield's America

by Allan Carlson



Igor Kopelnitsky

Malabar Farm drew a large crowd the summer day I was there, mostly busloads of the elderly on excursion from the "senior centers" of Ohio. They came to see Louis Bromfield's legacy—the once famous agricultural experiment that is now a state park. Most of their interest centered on the tour of Bromfield's "Big House," his attempt to integrate all of Ohio's historic architectural styles into a single statement of man's attachment to the land. On the tour, we saw the grand study and desk where Bromfield wrote the essays that were collected in *Pleasant Valley*, *Malabar Farm*, and *Out of the Earth*. We viewed the great hall where Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart, Bromfield's closest Hollywood friends, exchanged their wedding vows, and we stood in the very room where the couple spent their wedding night (on twin beds).

A favorite of book clubs, publishers, newsreels, and the reading public until his death in 1956, and winner of the Pulitzer Prize 30 years earlier for his novel *Early Autumn*, Bromfield is nearly unknown among Americans below the age of 50. None of his novels has been elevated to the canon taught in American literature classes. While a half-dozen of his books are still in print in the Czech Republic and India, a would-be American reader must prowl the used book stalls to find a comparable selection. Despite a fascinating life spanning the interwar American expatriate community, Europe's smart set, Hollywood in its Golden Age, and the early environmental movement, not a single serious biography of Bromfield has been written.

This fate is even more curious, considering the unanimous critical praise he received in the 1920's, a golden age of American letters. Bromfield's career itself reads like a fashionable novel of the time. A veteran of World War I who had observed the carnage on the Western Front, he returned in 1924 to live in France, where he was befriended by Gertrude Stein. His early books—*The Green Bay Tree*, *Possession*, *Early Autumn*, and *A Good Woman*—exhibited a deep contempt for the values and hypocrisy of Puritan morality and seemed to celebrate extramarital sexuality. Indeed, he opened *The Green Bay Tree* with an illicit tryst between his heroine, Lily Shane, and Ohio's governor, a thinly disguised Warren G. Harding. Bromfield relished naturalistic and primitive locales, setting *A Good Woman* partly in the pagan backcountry of East Africa. In all of Bromfield's fiction, the men are weak and ill-formed, while his female characters are full-blooded and dominant. *Possession*, as example, chronicles the ruthless rise of a small-town girl, Ellen Tolliver, to international fame as a pianist. *A Good Woman* reaches cynical, even nihilistic conclusions about the futility of human effort.

Even more to the critics' taste, young Bromfield was a strident anticapitalist. He decried the transformation of the Town (a fictionalized Mansfield, Ohio) into an iron-and-steel center with evocative language: "In the fading twilight that now surrounded them the Mill yard became a fantastic world inhabited by monsters of iron and steel. . . . High in the air, lights, red and green, or cold piercing blue-white, like eyes appeared one by one peering down at them wickedly. . . . Dancing malignant

---

Allan Carlson is the publisher of Chronicles, *president of The Rockford Institute, and author most recently of* From Cottage to Work Station: The Family's Search for Social Harmony in the Industrial Age *(Ignatius)*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shadows assailed them on every side." Bromfield saw the factory system and modern war as a common assault on human dignity. The novelist rose to the defense of immigrant workers condemned by the greedy industrialists to squalid, pathetic lives. He blasted Rotary Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, and faith in "progress" as corrupt and dehumanizing. In both *The Green Bay Tree* and *A Good Woman*, he portrayed the fictional Marxist labor leader Krylenko as a tragic hero. He even indulged in a bit of fashionable leftist anti-Semitism, casting the fleshy, sweaty Judge Weissman as the most ruthless of the Mill promoters.

Critics at the *Nation* and the *New Republic* also nodded approvingly at his skeptical treatment of Protestant Christianity, weak or hypocritical clergymen, and cynical, self-interested missionaries. Later in his career, Bromfield took other steps that should have secured his position as a great American novelist. He was an enthusiastic early advocate of the New Deal and wrote a novel—*Mrs. Parkington*—portraying Roosevelt's work in glowing terms. In 1938, he became president of the Emergency Committee for the American Wounded in Spain. And in 1942 he published *Until the Day Break*, a stridently anti-German book, described by a critic as "one of the most outspoken condemnations of an entire people that has ever been produced by a prominent American writer."

As early as 1930, however, Bromfield was already falling out of favor at the *Nation*, criticized for his growing focus on human personality and moral responsibility to the detriment of social and economic forces. Then, in his 1933 novel, *The Farm*, Bromfield cast aside all pretense and stood revealed as a sentimental romantic, the last Jeffersonian, defender of an aristocracy rooted in the land. Reading backwards into his previous novels, one could find these themes already there, beneath the proletarian veneer. His treatment of sexuality was, in fact, ruthlessly moralistic. The extramarital frolicking he cites with approval was confined exclusively to the servants and the lower classes, where it was related to an earthy, animal-like fertility. As for characters of prominence, infidelity or fornication invariably condemned them to incomplete or tragic lives. The central theme of *Early Autumn* was the choice faced by Olivia Pentland between fidelity to an empty marriage to the withered scion of a dying New England family and adultery with a vigorous, attractive, wealthy, and worshipful suitor. She chooses, in the end, fidelity, with the author's full approval.

Indeed, Olivia responds here to the call of duty, another latent theme in Bromfield's fiction. The author's vision of democracy rested on a natural aristocracy, the few endowed by nature's God with the ability to lead. As the aging John Pentland—"the last Puritan"—tells his Irish-born daughter-in-law: "You see, Olivia, there are people . . . people like you . . . who have to be strong enough to look out for the others. It's a hard task . . . and sometimes a cruel one. If it weren't for such people the world would fall apart and we'd see it for the cruel, unbearable place it is."

Bromfield's strong women, moreover, were not drawn from the feminist prototypes of the 1920's. Rather, they were throwbacks to an earlier era, where tough pioneer women bonded with virile men to settle a frontier. Of Ellen Tolliver, Bromfield wrote: "When she found that the Town was unendurable she had reversed the plan of her pioneer ancestors and turned east instead of west, to seek a new world. . . . [S]he moved about restlessly . . . . exploring, conquering, exhausting now this city, now that one." His strongest praise went to women happy in their domestic life, such as Hattie Tolliver, who was, "like most good mothers and housewives, a pure realist who dealt in terms of the material." The author also believed that a world dominated by women was a sign of decay, matriarchy being "the last refuge of a family whose strength was gone."

Bromfield's anticapitalism, moreover, drew no sustenance from socialist theory, but was wholly agrarian in origin. Liberty and democracy could rest only on families rooted in farms, bound to the soil and living in harmony with the rhythm of nature. In its mad quest for profit and progress, the town had sold its soul to a devil, made incarnate in the unnatural furnaces of the Mills.

In addition, the author's apparent defense of the new immigrants was strained, the artifact of a desperate situation in which remnants of the agrarian order sought any alliance, however unlikely, with other enemies of the machines. Just below the surface of *The Green Bay Tree* and *Early Autumn* can be found a hostility toward the Greek shopkeepers on Main Street, "a new element in the growing alien population of the Town," and toward the residents of the Flats, who refuse to learn English. Later, Bromfield would write of the new immigrants: "none of them could have [fitted] into the dream of an agricultural democracy."

In *The Green Bay Tree*, Bromfield also struggled with and defeated the dark side of his anti-industrialism, rejecting both the nihilism and the protofascism that might have followed from it. In a fascinating exchange between Lily Shane, now an émigré-resident of France caught in the Battle of the Marne, and a German officer who has occupied her villa, the latter explains the cause of the war:

> [T]he monkeys . . . the fools have civilized all the world, so that they might sell their cheap cotton and tin trays. They have created a monster which is destroying them. There is no longer any peace . . . any solitude. They have even wrenched the peasant from his plow . . . the shepherd from his hillside. . . . They have driven them out upon the plains where the cauldrons have overflowed across all Europe.

The German concludes that he "must kill as many men as possible," because "if we destroy enough the monster will have nothing to feed upon." But Lily, still tied in a distant way to the earth, turns her thoughts solely to her son and her lover, both called to service in the French cavalry. She understands that they might be counted among the men that the German will indiscriminately destroy. In response, she kills the officer with his own pistol, on the slight chance that it will improve the odds of their survival. Bromfield's moral universe reached its bedrock in this primal loyalty to ties of blood.

Publication of *The Farm* also made explicit Bromfield's rich interpretation of American history. Heavily autobiographical, and bearing similarities to the best of Sherwood Anderson's work, *The Farm* traces the course of a family's settlement in Ohio's "Western Reserve." Carved out of a wilderness by ideal-driven men and their strong-willed wives, the farm reaches its apogee under the care of Old Jamie, Bromfield's grandfather, the quintessential Jeffersonian Democrat. In the two decades before the Civil War, the machines were still far from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Midwest, and agrarian democracy thrived: "There were no great 'industrial kings' or any 'high-pressure salesmen' or bankers who were 'omnipotent.' There was no over production. There was no lack of market. There was no unemployment. There was no starvation." Old Jamie's wife, Maria, managed the garden and the preservation of food, for she "would have considered it a disgrace to have bought food of any sort." The farm was a world apart, independent and complete, and it supported a vast household from its bounty.

But in the decades after the war, the new commercial order began to crowd in. Shopkeepers, formally on the margins of Ohio life, came to prominence, and salesmen were everywhere. Farmers no longer dominated the Town Square, being replaced by "the dark people," strangers who "spoke an alien tongue." The first of the Mills sprang up, and soon the Town knew an incessant pounding and a perpetual orange glow in the night sky. Farmers of the old stock began to fail financially, a change ably captured in a paragraph about the wagon journey of a small boy, circa 1900:

> He did not know, like his grandfather, Old Jamie, that not one of the farms along the way . . . was what it had been during his youth and middle-age. Johnny never saw that some of the houses were in need of paint and that here and there a fence had been patched once too often. Nor did he notice that there were almost no young people and that as soon as the children grew up they disappeared. . . . And as he could not see inside the farmhouses, he knew nothing of the mortgages made again and again in the hope that next year they would be paid off, nor of the falling prices of cattle and grain and the rising prices of clothing and farm machinery and furniture and all the things manufactured and marketed by business men.

Nonconformity, once an American trait, came to be regarded as a dangerous thing. Christianity became Americanized: "Christ was the first business man and God must be a banker or broker." The presidential campaigns of Bryan raised the spirits of the family for a time, only to let them fall again as the American people entered "into a wild career of imperialism." Pressed to the limit, farmers mined rather than cultivated the land, leaving ruined soil and feeble, degenerate children. Only new immigrant German families, like the neighboring Schintzes, seemed able to hold onto their land and their children. They were the "eternal peasants" who distrusted middlemen with a cold cynicism and who kept to themselves and survived. But they were not the stuff out of which Jeffersonian Democrats could be made, and the countryside surrendered to the city, and to progress.

Old Jamie's grandson, Johnny (the fictionalized Louis Bromfield), tried to carry the farm on for a short while, but he too failed: "And presently Johnny understood that it was other countries which kept generation after generation living upon the same land. And he understood, too, that such a continuity was impossible in the country in which he had been born."

Bromfield traced the restlessness and chaos of post-1920 America to this loss of land and purpose. As the aging Julia Shane explains it to Hattie Tolliver in *The Green Bay Tree*:

> Life is hard for our children. It isn't as simple as it was for us. Their grandfathers were pioneers and the same blood runs in their veins, only they haven't a frontier any longer. They stand . . . these children of ours . . . with their backs toward this rough-hewn middlewest and their faces set toward Europe and the East and they belong to neither. They are lost somewhere between.

By 1933, Bromfield could be counted among the lost.

But just as he gave up hope for America, Bromfield also saw his adopted Europe coming apart, falling prey again to the allure of militarism. As his writing began to show thematic confusion, he searched for a way out of his philosophical cul-de-sac. That quest, oddly enough, led to India. Visits there in 1932-33 and 1935 culminated in his novel *The Rains Came*. Brilliantly conceived in structure and characterization, it stands with *The Farm* as Bromfield's best work. While set wholly in the mythical Indian state of Ranchipur, it is as much a novel about America, and about the path to renewal. The central event of the book is the collapse of the Ranchipur Dam and the destruction of the city. By the example of others, and through the discovery of his own place in the natural aristocracy, the hero—a dissolute English veteran of World War I—realizes that life is made meaningful by service to others and by living "close to the earth."

These conclusions, and the mounting crisis in Europe, brought Bromfield back to Ohio in 1939. He purchased 720 acres of worn-out farmland close to the family homestead and resolved to build "Malabar Farm" into a modern Jeffersonian domain. He would restore the soil to fertility through the application of modern science. He would achieve the self-sufficiency in food and shelter known to his grandfather. He would build a community of like-minded persons, to serve as an example for other Americans striving to reunite with the land. And he would pass on this estate and way of life to his three daughters and their descendants.

In his fiction, Bromfield also felt compelled to come to terms with the defining moment of American history, the Civil War. In *The Farm*, his family members were abolitionists, several of the stronger ones serving on the underground railroad, at war with the planter South. His next, *Wild Is the River*, with its confused plot and undeveloped characters, failed as literature, but it marked Bromfield's unqualified embrace of Southern agrarianism, including a spirited defense of the Confederate cause. For Bromfield now, the war was not over slavery; it was a conflict "between the land owners of the South and the factory owners of the North, . . . between two kinds of civilization." In this Hamiltonian-Jeffersonian quarrel writ large, Bromfield left no doubt as to where he stood. In a highly implausible scene, he has Agnes Wickes, the fictionalized niece of the Union General ruling occupied New Orleans, shout from a careening mule cart to Yankee troops: "Long Live Secession! Hurrah for the Confederacy!" Bromfield's other hero, Louisiana planter Hector MacTavish, serves the Confederate army and leads the guerrilla opposition, until it is clear that the war is decided. He falls in love with Agnes, and eventually leads her, his loyal ex-slave César, and various Catholic Creoles, with families in tow, to a new place out West: "It's a wide green valley between high mountains and not a settler in the place. It's all ours for the taking . . . a whole bright new world." The future, in 1940 as in 1865, belonged to those natural aristocrats who would act and build a new community.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

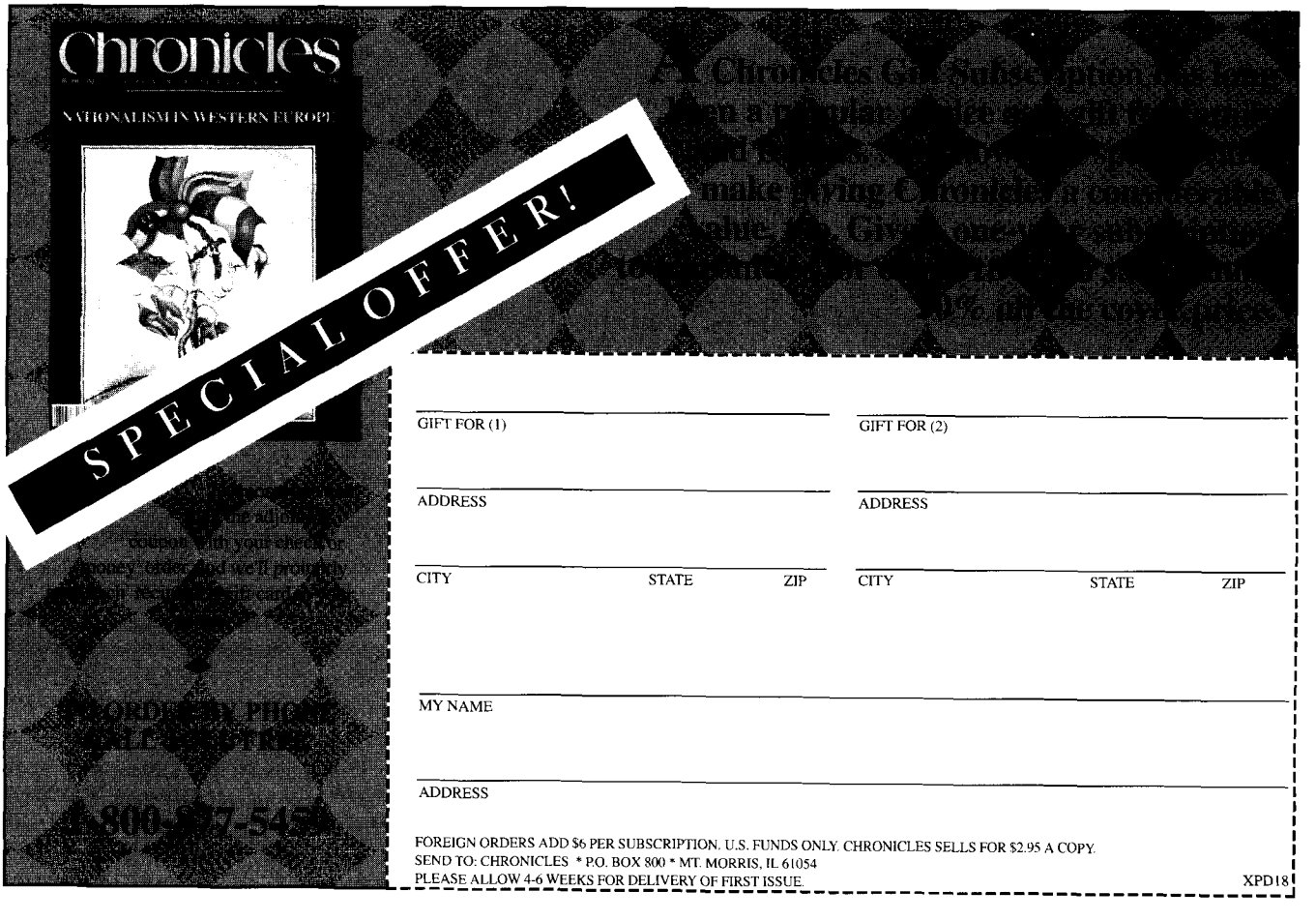
With ample funds from his books and occasional Hollywood work, Bromfield succeeded for a time. Several carefully chosen farmers and their families joined the Malabar experiment, creating the community life for which he longed. Bromfield's clearest achievement came in renewing the soil of his farm, and his experience led to the founding of Friends of the Land. His nonfiction accounts of farm life and the care of the soil found a large following, and thousands of pilgrims came to Malabar Farm. All visitors were treated to lavish meals, cooked entirely from products grown on his land.

In the year before his death, however, "market forces" had their revenge. Farm income fell, while off-farm costs mounted. Medical bills skyrocketed, too, as Bromfield—a heavy smoker—was diagnosed with lung cancer. Eventually, he was forced to sell part of the farm—a cherished wooded tract—to pay his debts. Financial difficulties after his death also prevented a clean transfer of the farm to his daughters, and his dream of a familial restoration on the land came to naught. Friends of the Land took over the property, running it as a model farm, until this group, too, succumbed to bankruptcy. The farm then passed to the state. The Age of Eisenhower proved no more hospitable to the Jeffersonian dream than had the Age of McKinley.

That afternoon, driving East from Malabar Farm on State Route 39, I passed through Ohio Amish territory. The green hills between Loudonville and Berlin were teeming with country people. Horse-drawn cultivators worked the brown earth, while tow-headed children, by the hundreds, filled the yards and buggies. Small cottage industries, attached to ancestral homesteads, did a booming business. Old women sat on the porches of their daughter-in-laws' homes, sewing, snapping beans, and exchanging gossip in German. The "eternal peasant," whom Bromfield both admired and feared, survives near the place where the nobler dream of a natural aristocracy on the land was again ground into the dust.

Two years before his death, Bromfield published a work of political theory—*A New Pattern for a Tired World*. Written in response to the Korean imbroglio, the book was anti-interventionist, anti-imperialist, antimilitarist, and antistatist. But after 15 years of personal struggle against federal agricultural bureaucrats, Bromfield had good words to say about entrepreneurial capitalism. While celebrated by the fledgling individualist right, the book drew the scorn of a new generation of Eastern critics, who dismissed it as the work of a crank, a once-promising novelist who had betrayed his gifts and succumbed to rural fantasies and petty fascism.

Indeed, Bromfield was a voice of the Old America, a nation shaped by the legacy of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. His novels spoke to the ideals, dreams, fears, and frustrations of the inhabitants of that nation in crisis and decline. Citizens of the "New America"—shaped by Ellis Island, the Democratic Empire, and Image Metaphysicians such as Henry Luce—could scarcely comprehend Bromfield's message. This, more than any other factor, accounts for the near-oblivion into which his reputation as a fiction writer would fall. But this New America now gives way to a still "newer" version, as fresh tidal waves of "international market forces" and Third World immigration crash onto the American landscape. In this unsettled time, perhaps Louis Bromfield will again find an audience.


Chronicles
NATIONALISM IN WESTERN EUROPE
SPECIAL OFFER!
GIFT FOR (1)
GIFT FOR (2)
ADDRESS
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
CITY STATE ZIP
MY NAME
ADDRESS
FOREIGN ORDERS ADD $6 PER SUBSCRIPTION. U.S. FUNDS ONLY. CHRONICLES SELLS FOR $2.95 A COPY.
SEND TO: CHRONICLES * P.O. BOX 800 * MT. MORRIS, IL 61054
PLEASE ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF FIRST ISSUE.
XPD18

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Survival of the Fattest

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

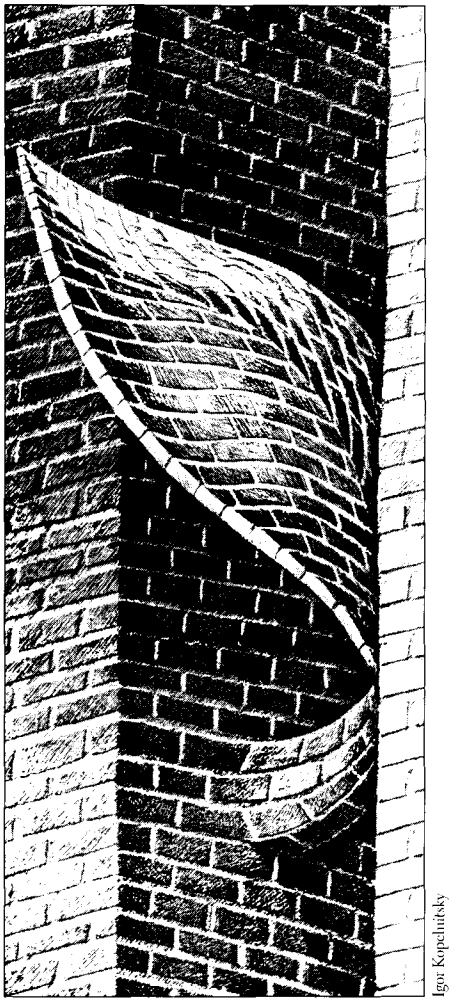
"Pity the man who loves what death can touch."
—Eugene O'Neill

The Last Refuge: The Environmental Showdown in Yellowstone and the American West
by Jim Robbins
New York: William Morrow;
272 pp., $23.00

◆

Late one summer afternoon, tired and dirty after four days' camping and a 21-mile ride out of the Wind River Mountains over rough granite trails, I swung off the horse and opened the registry book that the National Forest Service places at the boundary of its federally designated wilderness areas. Since I hadn't signed in, I couldn't sign out, but a friend had suggested that I would be interested in reading the comments obediently inscribed by visitors to the Bridger-Teton Wilderness from Philadelphia, New York, Denver, and San Mateo. I opened the book and read: "Get horses out of pristine wilderness!" "Horse crap on trails spoiled our trip!" "Amen!" Too bad. Using the pencil-on-a-string thoughtfully provided by local agents of our masters in Washington, I appended, "Kids in short pants and sneakers out of wilderness! Easterners and Californians go home! Get a horse." Approaching the trailhead, I met a pretty girl backpacker, inbound for the mountains, who refused to speak or even look at me. It might have been because I smelled bad, but more likely it was that I happened to be riding a horse.

The Cold War never died, it moved to the Rocky Mountain states of the American West, which have lately been discovered by yuppies, computer programmers, and celebrities from around the rest of the country but mainly from California, arriving to complement the environmentalists who moved here in the 1970's. The fact having come to the attention of the national media, it was recently celebrated by a cover story in *Time* and applauded by an editorial in *National Review*, but it is no news to longtime residents of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico, where stories have been passing up and down the continental spine for two or three years now. The tales are of strangers invading isolated Western towns where they buy up ranches, open cappuccino bars, and drive up property values and taxes: aliens from the far West, usually dressed in baggy shorts and riding mountain bikes but not infrequently accoutred in Western outfits by Ralph Lauren—who recently bought an enormous ranch near Ridgeway, Colorado, which he visits a few times a year by Lear jet—and driving BMWs. Though the coal town of Kemmerer, Wyoming, where I live is too homely and surrounded by too much sagebrush and bentonite to have to worry about attracting the attention of sophisticates, the owner of the Red Dog Saloon in Cokeville, a ranching town of 1,500 people 45 miles away on the Idaho border, reports that the local Chamber of Commerce averaged 13 calls a week this summer from Californians looking to relocate there. Fortunately, the land surrounding Cokeville is entailed by prospering ranchers and by the federal government, so the likelihood is they will be forced to buy elsewhere, as I hope they do. British Columbia, for instance, if it hasn't already taken in too many Chinese and Vietnamese immigrants.


Igor Kopelnitsky

While the *Time* piece comes as no surprise out here, it was an unpleasant shock to those of us who, having survived the Great Rocky Mountain Energy Boom of the late 1970's and early 80's and watched the multinational companies cut bait and run following the Bust of '83, were unrealistic enough to hope that the rest of the collapsing American Republic would forget all about us for the next hundred or so years. While the boom had been welcomed unreservedly by state politicians, local Chambers of Commerce, and the energy companies themselves, it was deplored by environmentalists, many ranchers, and moderate conservationists, as well as by misfits holed up in mountain cabins and literary cranks like Edward Abbey and Wallace Stegner, both since removed to the con-

Chilton Williamson, Jr., is senior editor for books at Chronicles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

templation of still grander vistas whose eternal beauty, to paraphrase a line by Eugene O'Neill, death cannot touch. In 1982, Governor Richard Lamm of Colorado published *The Angry West: A Vulnerable Land and Its Future*, in which he stated that while Westerners were by no means opposed to economic growth and development in their region, they had learned to be skeptical of "progress" and to question their earlier estimate of it as an unmitigated good to be embraced without reservation. "A new Manifest Destiny has overtaken America," Lamm and his coauthor, a Colorado journalist named Michael McCarthy, wrote. "The economic imperative has forever changed the spiritual refuge that was the West. Some of us have made a truce with change. Others have refused. They—we—are the new Indians. And they—we—will not be herded onto new reservations."

Those were the days of the rush to mine low-sulphur Western coal and extract maximum amounts of oil and natural gas; of the oil-shale craze centered on the town of Parachute, Colorado, on a bluff above the upper Colorado River; of urbanization produced by hundreds of thousands of energy and construction workers drawn to the Rockies from all over the country by what President Clinton calls "good-paying jobs"; of the MX missile system proposed for an area the size of Connecticut to be carved from the Utah desert; and of the Sagebrush Rebellion, a noisily assertive uprising of Western politicians and developers organized for the purpose of wresting control of federally owned lands in the West from Eastern capitalists and the bureaucrats in Washington, D.C. Eleven years later, *The Angry West* makes outdated, if not actually quaint, reading. Today, drill-pipe is in scant supply around the United States, hundreds of oil rigs remain stacked after nearly a dozen years, and experienced oilfield hands are hard to come by. Exploration for oil and gas has virtually ceased in the Lower 48, Exxon long ago abandoned its oil-shale project at Parachute, leaving behind hundreds of vacant housing units built to shelter the workers it never employed, and the MX missile has gone the way of President Jimmy Carter, the Dodo. Since that time, change throughout much of the Rocky Mountain area has come slowly, if at all, and in some places specially favored by heaven it has actually been turned back to allow blessed regress to occur. But now comes another, much worse, development.

The Great Boom was dangerous to the natural environment of the West, as the continuation of what Governor Lamm called "the hunt for energy" still is. (Owing to a tremendous surge in the price of gold since the early 80's, vast tracts of the state of Nevada are comprised of private mining claims, and Crown Butte Minerals, owned largely by a Canadian company, Noranda, is making plans to start up a gigantic gold mine in the high mountains on the northeast boundary of Yellowstone Park.) It did not, however, constitute a serious threat to the indigenous civilization of the region, perhaps the one thing more fragile and precarious than the land itself. As I attempted to demonstrate in a book, *Roughnecking It* (also published in 1982), the New West of the 1980's was substantially an extension of the Old West of the 1890's, another spin of the wheel of boom and bust that has characterized this part of the country since its settlement by the white man. By contrast, the new boom portends, along with the environmental degradation imposed by a substantial population increase, further urbanization, recreationism, and what Ed Abbey called industrial tourism—all of them certain to produce alterations in a traditional way of life as satisfyingly human and close to the bone of reality as it is unique and beautiful. Worse still, it may not be a boom at all. "It's not just another cycle but a permanent, historic shift," Lamm, now a professor of public policy at the University of Denver, believes.

The Californians are coming! A century after the official closure of the American frontier, the inevitable is happening as the vast westering human slosh, receding from the coastal paradise it covered in detritus and offal, washes back across the magnificent landscape that an earlier generation of Americans deprecatingly called the Great American Desert and that pioneers and immigrants on their way to Lotus Land passed over as being too cold or too hot, too strenuous, too unprogressive and ignorant, too crude, too hick. In Los Angeles today, you can take classes for a price from an organization called the Greener Pastures Institute whose business is advising disillusioned denizens of the Golden State where they should resettle. (And that, when they do, they should immediately change license plates to avoid damage to their cars and insults to themselves.) Californians, arriving at the gates of the second Eden after having trashed the original one, may sincerely intend to accommodate themselves to their adoptive communities. But it is uphill work, and they have brought with them too much of what anthropologists call cultural baggage, not to mention the other kind. Westerners, whatever their faults (and there are many), are, partly by default, the realists among the American people, living a life that is much closer to the life of the frontier than is generally understood; while Californians, in their postcivilized and fantastical existence, are probably the most unrealistic people in the history of the world.

In *The Last Refuge*, Jim Robbins argues that the rural West must recognize and bend before the pressures being exerted upon it by urbanites from its own cities and those of other regions whose votes will finally determine the future of the federal lands that amount to as much as 89 percent of the area of the Western states, and whose attitude toward rural and wilderness areas is quintessentially that of the city dweller: aesthetic rather than utilitarian, sentimental instead of practical. He argues further that ecological, as well as political, necessity urges it toward a more preservatively responsible use of its resources; and in the second instance at least he is surely correct. Generations of highly destructive mining, logging, and ranching practices have caused environmental damage that can only be repaired by mitigating these, while the position of newcomers to the region has its own ironic and self-fulfilling logic. If the West is going to fill up with tens of millions of people from California and elsewhere, then the mode of life familiar to it and based upon the existence of a relatively tiny population spread thinly across a vast area will indeed be impossible in the future. But Robbins' vision of the New West merging with the Old to create a "new society" in the Rocky Mountains may be no less likely, if by the "new" he means the "better" or even the "good" society.

Pulling a horse to Montrose, Colorado, last fall I read on the Style page of the *Denver Post* a story about the booming purchase prices paid for old ranches that are said to have what realtors call "The Look." The Look includes a mountain meadow threaded by a creek

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

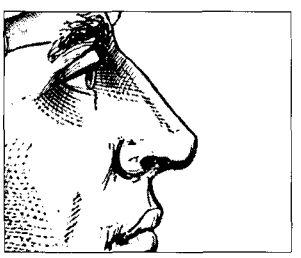
and snowcovered mountains in the background, an idyll inspired, the writer explained, by the film *A River Runs Through It*, filmed in Montana. That's something. A rich dude in Beverly Hills or Dallas sees a movie one night and goes out the next day to whack himself off a big chunk of God's Greatest Movie Set! There really is such a thing as having too much money.

Land is more than a living for the rancher or private lumberman. It is survival itself, as it was for the red man whose relationship to the earth is held up as a model by some environmentalists and all Deep Ecologists. Human beings, in order to know the land they live on, must experience it through the kind of intimate contact that only hard labor makes possible. However much the Westerner may, wittingly or unwittingly, abuse it, his relationship to the natural world is the opposite of frivolous. For the New Westerner, by contrast, land is no more than a real estate commodity, a playground, or a fantasy. He is not looking for a region, he wants a Disneyland West or a Malibu-in-the-Rockies, where he makes an ass of himself by wearing silly clothes and riding a mountain bike instead of a good quarter-horse. He fences his property closely against his neighbors, oblivious to the fact that he is blocking access to publicly owned lands, and throws his weight behind the "Cattle Free in '93" people, since cowpies are an offense to him when he goes hiking or jogging. He is opposed to hunting and protests the shooting of bison outside the Yellowstone, because his wife is a life member (if there is such a thing) of the Fund for Animals and his daughters have been raised on Bambi stories and wildlife episodes on the Discovery Channel. Because of the remote and essentially abstract nature of his work, often handled by telecommunication with corporate offices in New York or Los Angeles, he has nothing in common with and no tie to the community in which he finds himself, and restricted contact with its members. He is against not only "development" or "progress" but every honest activity that for Westerners has always meant well-being and bedrock security. Rather than eat at the local steak house, he makes an hour's drive to a nearby city or ski resort or country club to wine and dine with his own kind in an expensive restaurant; bored and lonely among the blue-collar rubes, he works hard to encourage more of the Beautiful People from home to buy up land around him, driving property values and taxes to the point where, as in Jackson, Wyoming, and Vail, Colorado, the locals can no longer afford to live in their own town. Often after a couple of years or so, fed up with the isolation and depressed by the long hard winters, he packs it in and moves to some choice and still miraculously unspoiled place back in California. But not often enough.

Equally with *Time*, *The Last Refuge* has nothing to tell the seasoned Westerner who is a careful reader of his state and local newspaper and has stayed abreast of such topics as Crown Butte, the reintroduction of wolves to the Yellowstone, clear-cutting in the Targhee National Forest, overcrowding in the West's national parks, the competition for water rights between agriculturalists and municipalities, the gentrification of honest Western towns, and the bullying of ranchers by industrial corporations. But Robbins is comprehensive, and his suggestion that preserving the Greater Yellowstone (comprising 18 million acres or 28 thousand square miles) as the largest fundamentally intact ecosystem in the world might result in compromise that could fuse the traditions of the Old West with the innovations of the New is an interesting idea supportive of hope. Between People for the American West!, the "wise use" movement, the Center for the Defense of Economic Freedom, and the Wyoming Heritage Foundation—avatars all of the old rapaciousness and greed—and graduates of the Greener Pastures Institute, there is little or nothing to choose from, making any halfway plausible third way worthy of a second look. Robbins' thinking owes much to the Greater Yellowstone Coalition, based in Bozeman, Montana, and directed by Louisa Willcox, a famous lady in these parts. Unlike many environmentalists, the GYC, Robbins says, does not propose to ban logging, ranching, and mining on public lands but rather "to convince loggers and miners and real estate developers and those involved with tourism to operate on a scientific, sustainable basis that will allow them to continue generation after generation. It has to happen in a way that stops the destruction and squandering not only of the New West economy, but of the Old West economy as well."

Proposals being debated by the United States Congress to multiply the grazing fees charged to ranchers running cattle on federally owned lands and to overhaul laws pertaining to water rights and usage are rightly seen here as no more than thinly veiled schemes to turn the Rocky Mountain states into a theme park and playground for the rest of the country, while stealing their scarce lifeblood for sale to Cities of the Plain in California, Nevada, and Arizona. The contemporary American psyche resists reality in every form. Small wonder that it has targeted for destruction all that remains of the Old America, where men and women and children for generations have been accustomed to living not in the state of nature but in that naturally human state blessed by nature as well as by nature's God. After all these years, the American infatuation with the frontier turns out to be mere self-delusion. America's idyll is not the frontier, and it certainly is not wilderness. It is a suburban house on a subdivided tract with a picture window and a John Wayne movie on the VCR, an artificially preserved "wilderness" with a bureaucratic fence around it and no guns or horses allowed. ☆C

LIBERAL ARTS



FOLLOWING AMERICA'S LEAD

"Why do we love to celebrate so much if we live so poorly?" asked Viktor Loshak recently in the *Moscow News*, referring to the many holidays honored by Russians. In addition to their October Revolution, Russians now take time off for religious holidays, such as Russian Orthodox Christmas on January 7, and new political holidays like the one marking Russia's sovereignty on June 12. "An extra day off is tantamount to taking another 100 billion or 200 billion rubles out of the country's budget," argues Loshak. "Telling the country that it has not yet earned its promised vacations would require courage and would offer a unique chance to the opposition."

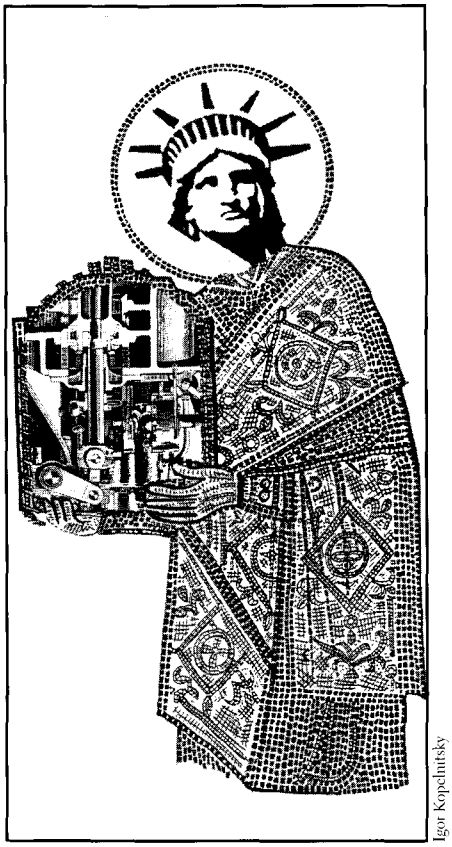
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Machine Politics

by Murray N. Rothbard

"Modern liberty begins in revolt."
—H.M. Kallen

The God of the Machine
by Isabel Paterson
New Brunswick, New Jersey: Transaction Publishers; 292 pp., $21.95


Igor Kopelnitsky

In 1943, in the midst of the dark years of World War II when collectivism seemed to be sweeping all before it at home and abroad, three fiercely independent and feisty women, all of them friends and libertarians devoted to what was then called "individualism," hurled mighty manifestos in defense of liberty at the burgeoning collectivist state. The two older ladies, Isabel Bowler Paterson and Rose Wilder Lane, both born in 1886, were well-known novelists and essayists, and Paterson was a distinguished literary and cultural critic for the establishmentarian *New York Herald Tribune*.

Rose Wilder Lane's nonfiction *magnum opus*, published in 1943, was *The Discovery of Freedom: Man's Struggle Against Authority*, a prose poem on the meaning of individual freedom and freedom of enterprise in the history of human affairs, while Isabel Paterson's *The God of the Machine* was a brilliant and unusual work of political philosophy, written not for the typical dry-as-dust academic, nor as an intellectual game, nor to win tenure, but from a devotion to principle and liberty, providing marvelous insights into a host of economic matters in which she acquitted herself magnificently despite a lack of mandarin academic credentials. Mrs. Paterson succeeded in combining political and economic principle with a powerful reading of history, and with a dramatic account of the eternal conflict between freedom and power as it has manifested itself historically. Most striking perhaps was her scintillating and dramatic style, deriving from her decidedly nonmandarin realization that political philosophy *matters*, that questions of freedom and power and egalitarianism and individuality are truly issues of life and death.

The third of these ladies who virtually created the individualist movement during World War II was the Russian-born Ayn Rand, also an essayist and novelist and 19 years their junior. Rand's *The Fountainhead*, which put her individualist philosophy into fictional form, became a best-seller, allowing her fame and literary career to blossom while her former mentors, repudiated as hopeless reactionaries by the intellectual establishment and lacking best-sellers to break through to mass approval, found their careers in decline. A fierce critic of the New Deal and of America's entry into World War II, Paterson was finally fired from her long-standing *Herald Tribune* column in 1949.

There are remarkable similarities in the lives of Paterson and Lane, in addition to their common birth-year. Both grew up in the rural Middle West (although Paterson was born in Canada). Both were married briefly and quickly discarded their husbands. Both were eloquent, articulate, and argumentative libertarians. Both hated the "Social Security Swindle" above all things and rejected its "benefits," Lane going so far as to stop writing fiction in order to avoid paying the self-employed social security tax.

Despite the brilliance of Paterson's *The God of the Machine*, the book is the least known, although by far the most profound, of the major works by Paterson, Lane, and Rand. The climate of the age was scarcely suited to a bold and uncompromising individualist and anti-statist work. It was highly influential, however, in the catacombs of the new libertarian and conservative movement that struggled out of World War II to form the postwar right.

It is wonderful, then, to have *The God of the Machine* back in print on its 50th anniversary, in a handsome new paperback edition, published as a volume in Transaction's Library of Conservative Books series, edited by Russell Kirk. The edition is particularly graced by an excellent 56-page introduction by Professor Stephen Cox, who not only discusses Paterson's ideas but provides us with the only biographical study ever written of this fascinating woman. One hopes that this introduction will be a prelude to a full-scale biography.

Before discussing the merits of this wonderful book, I must acknowledge its major flaw, which undoubtedly limited and hindered its impact. Though Paterson clearly considered her use of metaphors drawn from the field of electrical engineering to have been a major contribution to political philosophy. The one person she acknowledges in the front matter is electrical engineering professor Thomas T. Read, and *The God of the Machine* is peppered with such words

---

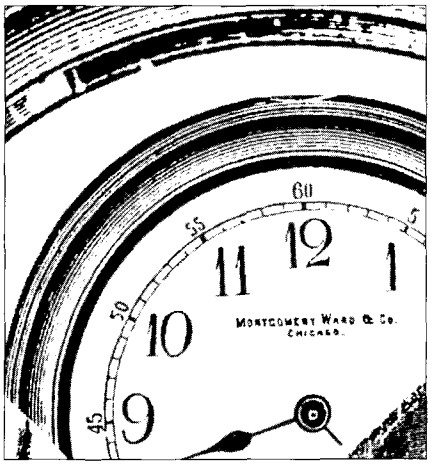
Murray N. Rothbard is a professor of economics at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, and vice-president of the Ludwig von Mises Institute in Auburn, Alabama. A new edition of his Man, Economy and State *is forthcoming from the Mises Institute.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and phrases as "energy circuits," "dynamos," "kinetic energy," "inertia," "mechanisms," and so forth. If Mrs. Paterson had written in recent years, we might be subjected to more up-to-date scientific metaphors, such as "servomechanisms," "computer chips," "fiberoptics," and other techno-mysticism. Though you may grasp her meaning in a general sense, the metaphors become annoying when you realize that for Mrs. Paterson these metaphors were real, and she intended to write scientifically of human action in the sense that a physical scientist writes of chemical interaction.

Professor Cox makes a valiant attempt to defend Mrs. Paterson's engineering conceit, and to some extent he is successful, pointing out that as she was religious and believed in free will, hers was not really a "mechanistic" theory. More strikingly, he adds that Mrs. Paterson countered the standard conservative critique of "rights talk" as unduly abstract. Since her property doctrine is rooted in the concrete physicality of time and space, it makes "abstract" rights realistic and concrete; in particular, she demonstrates that "human rights" cannot exist without concomitant rights in material private property. Mrs. Paterson begins her discussion of property rights not with Lockean talk of mixing one's labor with resources, but with this striking truth: "Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. This is the reason why private property belongs to man as a creative being (a right both natural and divine)." She observes in a brilliant passage that

> collectivists talk of civil rights in a collective society, where in fact civil rights cannot exist because there is no *place* in which they can be exercised and no materials on which they can take effect. How can a man speak freely if there is no spot on which he and his audience have the right to stand? How can he practice his religion if he has no right to own a religious edifice, or to his own person? How is a free press to exist if the materials are not in private ownership?



There are, in fact, many marvelous chapters and passages in *The God of the Machine*. "The Fiction of Public Ownership" employs her concept of property-as-specific-place to demolish this fiction; in reality, "public property" is "owned" not by the public but by sections of the government elite. Can you or I sell our "share" of the TVA, or the White House, as we could if we really "owned" these assets?

To Mrs. Paterson, the "Fatal Amendments" to the U.S. Constitution were the centralizing 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th. The 15th Amendment, which has been neglected by conservatives, transferred the power to determine suffrage qualifications from the states to the central government; as Mrs. Paterson says, "The Fifteenth Amendment fatally perpetuated the destruction wrought by the Reconstruction Acts." She, however, favors real landed property, rather than race or liquid property, as qualification for the franchise and makes an interesting case on behalf of her argument. Mrs. Paterson denounces the 16th Amendment, not simply for its justification of the power of the national income tax to loot but for its centralizing nullification of the original constitutional insistence that any direct or personal tax be in proportion to the population.

In "The Corporations and Status Law," Mrs. Paterson denounces the post-Civil War system of federal subsidies and land grants to railroads, which injected politics and corruption into American capitalism. Moreover, as she points out, subsidization caused the railroad network to be built too early and induced farmers to settle the West sooner than they would otherwise have done. Thus the Western farmers' continuing migration against railroad freight rates that were in fact already low and going ever lower makes sense in the context of Paterson's argument that the farmers realized that *something* about the system was amiss and blamed the railroads, rather than the government, for the special privileges the former enjoyed. But, while properly critical of government subsidies of business, Mrs. Paterson also attacks antitrust laws as pernicious and restrictive. "Standard Oil," she points out, "did not restrain trade; it went to the ends of the earth to make a market." Business creates no problems *in its activities on the market*, difficulties being created solely by the government, including government as instrument of business privilege. Endorsing Herbert Spencer's demand for a society of contract in place of a society of status, Paterson notes that "government cannot 'restore competition,' or 'ensure' it. Government is monopoly; and all it can do is to impose restrictions which may issue in monopoly." Antitrust law can only create a society of status.

Even on the vexed question of money, Mrs. Paterson is sound as a bell. In "Why Real Money is Indispensable," she calls for a gold standard and denounces fiat paper. Guided by her real-space theory of property, Paterson explains that the dollar as a fixed weight of gold becomes real property and is defined by a real, existing unit. In a lengthy footnote, she provides one of the best critiques of the Irving Fisher protomonetarist "commodity dollar" ever written. Prefiguring current critiques of mathematical economics, she notes that for mathematics to apply, the *unit* must be fixed, while paper money and monetarist schemes can only destroy the fixed unit of money.

But the outstanding chapter is "The Humanitarian with the Guillotine," which in my view constitutes the finest critique of compulsory charity and the welfare state ever written: here Mrs. Paterson delineates the crucial difference between compulsory charity and charity as voluntary action generally conducted by churches. Voluntary charity was necessarily secondary to production, and, being conducted by churches, was not engaged in as a profitable career by the people exercising and channeling charity. By contrast, modern "humanitarianism" is different, since the "primary objective" of the humanitarian, "his justification for living . . . his ultimate good *requires that others shall be in want*. . . . If he wishes to help 'humanity,' the whole of humanity must be in need." "The humanitarian," Mrs. Paterson continues, "wishes to be a prime mover in the lives of others. He cannot admit either the divine or the natural order, by which men have the power to help themselves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The humanitarian puts himself in the place of God."

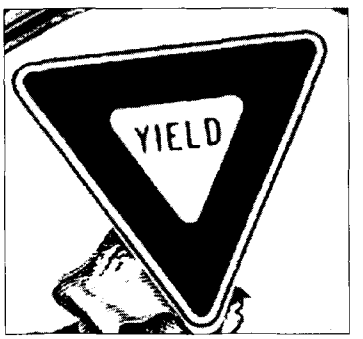
But, as Mrs. Paterson notes, he is also "confronted by two awkward facts: first, that the competent do not need his assistance; and second, that the majority of people, if unperverted, positively do not want to be 'done good' by the humanitarian." Having considered what the "good" of others might be, and who is to decide the question finally, Mrs. Paterson trenchantly concludes: "Of course what the humanitarian actually proposes is that *he* shall do what he thinks is good for everybody. It is at this point that the humanitarian sets up the guillotine."

"What kind of world," she inquires, "does the humanitarian contemplate as affording him full scope? It could only be a world filled with breadlines and hospitals, in which nobody retained the natural power of a human being to help himself or to resist having things done to him. And that is precisely the world that the humanitarian arranges when he gets his way." The humanitarian, Mrs. Paterson adds, "feels the utmost gratification when he visits or hears of a country in which everyone is restricted to ration cards." When "subsistence is doled out, the desideratum has been achieved, of general want and a superior power to 'relieve' it." Hence, as Mrs. Paterson keenly concludes, "the humanitarian in theory is the terrorist in action."

Ayn Rand, whose *Fountainhead* came out in the same month as *The God of the Machine*, accused Isabel Paterson of "stealing" her theory of morality for "The Humanitarian with the Guillotine." But who stole from whom? Rand's view of charity (which in any case was only fully set forth in *Atlas Shrugged*, published 14 years later) was not really of the same order: her frenetic denunciation of "altruism" as the root of all moral evil is a meat-axe distortion of Paterson's crucial and nuanced distinctions between the compulsory and the voluntary, as well as between the primary and the secondary, motivations for charitable action. Rand, the younger woman who read virtually nothing, was the eager disciple of Isabel Paterson in history and political philosophy. And rumor has it that Professor Cox has discovered, in his researches in the *Herald-Tribune* columns, numerous prefigurations of Paterson's theory of morality and charity long before the appearance of *The Fountainhead*.

Since World War II, Ayn Rand has been the object of a cult, while her essentially more interesting and more important colleagues have virtually disappeared. But now Professor William Holtz has resurrected Rose Lane with his recent biography and with his collection of letters between Mrs. Lane and Dorothy Thompson. Let us hope that Transaction's reprint, and Steve Cox's introduction, will bring Isabel Paterson to the attention of a new generation of Americans for the perceptive insights, and for the hard-edged attack on pretense and sham, that this great lady can give them. c

LIBERAL ARTS



RED RUNNERS

The new world record in the women's 10,000-meter run has aroused suspicions around the world. Lynn Jennings, the 1992 Olympic bronze medalist in the event, for example, refuses to believe that honest effort led Wang Junxia of China to break the old record by 42 seconds.

The 20-year-old Wang clocked 29 minutes, 31.78 seconds in China's seventh National Games last September in Beijing, according to the *Chicago Tribune*. She beat the old record of 30:13:74 set by a Norwegian in 1986. It was the first time a Chinese woman set a world record in track and field. Wang's time in Beijing was an unlikely 2:58 better than her personal best prior to this season, and almost 1:20 better than her meet-record time at August's World Track and Field Championships in Stuttgart, Germany.

In Beijing, Wang also ran the 3,000-meter race in 8 minutes, 6.11 seconds, erasing six seconds from the world record she had set in the preliminaries for that event. In the 1,500, both Wang, the runner-up, and Qu Yunxia, the winner, broke the oldest record in women's track and field, which had held for 13 years. In short, Wang broke world records four times in three events in six days.

Jennings suspects not only Wang but all the Chinese women runners of illicit practices: she implied that their times at the world championships were derived from performance-enhancing drugs or blood doping. The Chinese, who before this meet had *never* won a world or Olympic running event, swept the 3,000-meter run, ran 1-2 in the 10,000, and placed 1-4 in the 1,500 in Stuttgart.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Fullness of Time

by Peter J. Stanlis

The Metaphysics of Edmund Burke
by Joseph L. Pappin III
New York: Fordham University Press;
225 pp., $30.00

◆

Perhaps the best way to understand and appreciate Joseph Pappin's unique achievement is to consider this fine book in the light of previous scholarship that attempts to ascertain the religious and moral sources and foundations of Edmund Burke's political philosophy. John Morley, the chief Victorian authority on Burke and the source of all subsequent empiricist, utilitarian, and positivist interpretations of his politics, on one occasion candidly admitted that his strictly secular and rationalist approach to Burke's politics could not explain the complex religious or metaphysical origins or dimensions of Burke's thought:

> In Burke's character . . . [and] at the bottom of all his thoughts about communities and governments there lay a certain mysticism. . . . To him there actually was an element of mystery in the cohesion of men in societies, in political obedience, in the sanctity of contract; in all that fabric of law and charter and obligation, whether written or unwritten, which is the sheltering bulwark between civilization and barbarism. When reason and history had contributed all that they could to the explanation, it seemed to him as if the vital force, the secret of organization, the binding framework, must still come from the impenetrable regions beyond reasoning and beyond history.

Reference to the abstract term "mysticism" was as close as Morley ever came to an awareness of nature and intellectual tradition in the metaphysical premises of Burke's political philosophy. In two books on Burke, Morley never considered his metaphysics and never even mentioned moral natural law.

To this day contemporary empiricists—in their positivist, utilitarian, secular, and rationalist approach—are no closer than Morley to an adequate explanation of Burke's political philosophy. Many of them simply ignore Burke's religion or deny that it has any relationship to his politics or dismiss his references to God as "the one great Master, Author, and Founder of society" as idle Enlightenment jargon, thereby treating all references to transcendental reality as meaningless rhetoric. Among the great merits of Pappin's book is that he is acutely aware of the limitations, as well as the strengths, of the Morley tradition of Burke studies, and he takes those limitations fully into account. Whereas the empiricists generally reduce Burke to a partisan Whig politician, denying that he had a political philosophy because he never wrote a systematic treatise in political theory, Pappin takes seriously Burke's definition of the statesman as "the philosopher in action" and does not dismiss him as merely a political activist.

Before a book like Pappin's could be written, certain preliminary studies of Burke's political philosophy were necessary. The late Ross J.S. Hoffman, in his anthology *Burke's Politics* (1949), noted in passing that the ancient tradition of moral natural law was a vital element in Burke's political philosophy. A full accounting of this cardinal principle, which provided the moral basis of Burke's legal and political theory, was provided in my *Edmund Burke and the Natural Law* (1958). Since then several notable books have further extended the thesis, the most important of which was Francis Canavan's *The Political Reason of Edmund Burke* (1960). In an appendix to that study, "Burke's College Study of Philosophy," Canavan answered the question first raised by Barker: how Burke came to know and to use the theory of St. Thomas. He examined "the list of authors who formed Burke's college course in philosophy" at Trinity College, Dublin, and found that it included six textbooks that "represent in varying degrees the scholastic tradition of medieval Christian Aristotelianism." Canavan found "the sources of Burke's 'Thomism' in his college education."

Another giant step toward understanding Burke's metaphysics was taken by Canavan in *Edmund Burke: Prescription and Providence* (1987), a study of Burke's extensive reading of theology. Canavan found that Burke was thoroughly imbued with the Christian worldview inherited from centuries past, particularly in the theology of the Anglican Church during the 17th century. He observed:

> Those aspects of the worldview that came down from the Middle Ages and were more relevant to Burke's political thought were metaphysical in nature. . . . They concerned the fundamental structure of reality. Prior to the distinctive Christian beliefs about sin and redemption, but assumed by them, was a particular conception of the world as created. This conception, with its implications, furnished the basic premises of Burke's understanding of man and society.

Canavan limited his study of Burke's Christian worldview to its practical manifestation in legal prescription and to the providential notion of history in Burke's political philosophy. He was well aware that the specific metaphysical foundations of Burke's politics remained to be ascertained.

Now, in the fullness of time, Pappin has crowned the work of all of his predecessors in the search for the origins and foundations of Burke's political philosophy by describing his metaphysics. The very titles of his six chapters clarify the structural unity of his study and identify the vital subjects covered: "Metaphysics and Politics"; "The Problem of a Burkean Metaphysics"; "The Case for Burke's Metaphysics"; "The Philosophy of God and Human Nature"; "The Metaphysical Elements of Teleology and Natural Law"; and "Concluding Reflections: Metaphysical Nihilism and Radical Individualism." The final chapter should be of great interest to anyone concerned with the nihilist threat to civilization in the 20th century. Pappin also provides an excellent bibliography of primary, secondary, and general sources. The author and subject index make it a most useful

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

study for scholars and general readers.

It is fitting that the foreword should be written by Francis Canavan, who observes that "this is a book that has long been needed to be written." In the great conflict between "realists" and "nominalists" of the late Middle Ages, which is certainly one of the most crucial issues in all intellectual history and which has shaped modern thought in every branch of knowledge, Pappin shows conclusively that Burke's metaphysics is in the realist tradition. This makes Burke's politics "basically consonant with the Aristotelian-Thomistic tradition," separates him philosophically from the empirical-utilitarian-ideologically rational thought of John Locke and discredits the interpretation of contemporary scholars in the tradition of Morley, who reduced Burke to a Whiggish political hack and skillful rhetorician. Pappin accurately details and summarizes the views of the scholars whom he rejects, thus absorbing his opposition, and in the final four chapters presents clearly and conclusively the metaphysical assumptions that constitute the premises of Burke's unsystematic but consistent political philosophy. Pappin's book deserves an honored place on the shelf of every student of Burke, and in every college and university library.

Peter J. Stanlis's most recent book is Edmund Burke: The Enlightenment and Revolution *(Transaction).*

Cui Bono?

by Paul Gottfried

The Economics and Ethics of Private Property
by Hans-Hermann Hoppe
Norwood, Massachusetts: Kluwer Academic Publishers;
288 pp., $59.95

◆

Hans-Hermann Hoppe's essays will not be everyone's cup of tea, particularly in view of the author's stated purpose to defend individual property rights as the basis of a free and productive society. Hoppe tackles his job of apologetics by engaging in both economic analysis and ethical theorizing. The economic aspect of his work is mostly a cogent criticism of government policies that claim to distinguish public from private goods and benefits. Hoppe responds to the humanitarian claims of self-described advocates of the "common good" by asking "*cui bono*?" Who exactly is served each time the government takes under its control some aspect of the economy—or provides a service that might otherwise be privately fulfilled? Hoppe believes the government is never justified in circumventing market mechanisms to provide goods and services. He judges such activity to be irrational and unjust, ignoring the information supplied by market demand while frequently infringing on property rights.

Hoppe goes on to argue that a cooperative civil society would emerge if consenting property holders could have their way. To an objection made by the less thorough libertarian Loren Lomasky, that the demand for a government based entirely on the contractual activity of property holders is "unrealistic," Hoppe responds by pointing out the obvious: no economic libertarian will likely have his druthers in today's world, but it is useful to show that public order would result from voluntary activities being undertaken by politically uncoerced property owners. Market mechanisms and self-interest would take care of social needs.

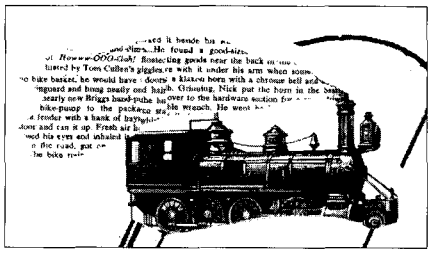
One may of course ask whether cooperative structures would in fact result if our present welfare state suddenly vanished. In the absence of cultural unity and some preexisting community, I tend to doubt it. Nor is it clear that Hoppe's society can function in the face of violent disagreement without the use, or at least the threat, of force. Professor Hoppe and I have arrived at our hostile views of the welfare state partly by different mentors, he through John Locke and Jürgen Habermas and I through Thomas Hobbes and Carl Schmitt. Unlike him, I believe that productive freedom is impossible in the absence of political and social cohesion.

In his philosophic essays, Hoppe makes a number of sound points about the implicit assumptions of communication. Drawing on Habermas and, to a lesser extent, Murray Rothbard, Ludwig von Mises, and Kant, he demonstrates the self-contradiction of a totally subjective view of knowledge. All communication is based on unavoidable presuppositions, he explains, without which it could not exist; we would not even attempt such activity unless we believed that the data we transmit and receive is mutually intelligible. Our communication reveals another epistemic assumption, Hoppe observes: namely, that a constant self (what German idealists call the "transcendental ego") lies behind interpersonal communication as a continuing source and point of reference. Each self asserts its identity by entering into contractual relations with other consenting selves, if the opportunity is present. For self-ownership as well as the possibility of mutually intelligible communication are unspoken givens in human action, Hoppe maintains, and thus the self becomes aware of its own integrity as it projects itself into an ever-widening web of social and legal relationships. From at least an implicit recognition of self-ownership, Hoppe's ego appropriates external objects by bestowing labor upon them and by laying claim to whatever is accessible to new owners. It is through these economic and contractual self-projections that Hoppe's ego recognizes its own permanence and its ties to a larger world.

While Hoppe works out this process of individual self-discovery with a certain rigor, he reaches too hard for ethical truths that his investigation simply will not yield. Unlike Mises, who as an ethical nonabsolutist assumed the subjective basis of human wants while believing that people do act rationally in pursuit of subjective goals, Hoppe looks for ethical universals operative in economic men. The same problematic leap is already present in John Locke, whom Hoppe cites with obvious admiration. Despite the mechanistic, experiential epistemology he later developed in the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, Locke in the *Second Treatise of Government* points to "right reason" and quotes Richard Hooker's neo-Aristotelian views, particularly in his description of the state of nature, of man's natural moral facilities. But Locke writes not as a lawyer arguing on behalf of the natural law but as a polemicist, denying the gloomy, predatory state of nature described by Thomas Hobbes. Because Locke sets out to make a case for government by consent, he abandons his skeptical view of innate ideas and his otherwise inflexible materialism to embrace the Anglican scholastic Hooker. People can reason together even in the absence of civil society

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(which Hooker could not have conceived), and thus the government we erect will have to deal with rational, self-limiting beings, not with Hobbes's world of predators.



Yet Hoppe's natural reason has far more in common with Hobbesian "reckoning," or calculation, than with Locke's jerrybuilt ethical defense of liberty. When Hoppe discusses ethical universals, he clearly means the human capacity, discussed in the first part of *Leviathan*, to engage in the reasoning needed to construct and carry out civil contracts. This reasoning produces a purely functional kind of justice defined as the "keeping of promises," and it is upon this that Hobbes, further in *Leviathan*, bottoms the contractual basis of his mortal good, the sovereign state. I am not sure that Hoppe ever moves beyond this Hobbesian notion of justice in characterizing ethical intelligence, though I am also not sure that one can present the Western liberalism in whose tradition Hoppe stands without acknowledging its partly unwitting architect, Thomas Hobbes. Both John Gray and Michael Oakeshott have made this point convincingly.

Nonetheless, what is most appealing about Hoppe's presentation is the way he avoids conventional opinion in offering a defense of property-based liberalism. He writes like a maverick, albeit one who is painfully systematic and concerned with giving us a conceptually integrated worldview. What was said of Hegel, "*Alles fällt wie aus einem Guss zusammen*," applies to Hoppe's system as well. It too forms a unified, tightly reasoned whole, and if one feels driven to challenge at least some of its elements, it is because Hoppe covers so much ground. It is unusual to encounter anything so far-ranging and erudite by a contemporary American academic. That Hoppe, like Murray Rothbard, is at the University of Nevada and not at some internationally recognized center of learning speaks volumes about American universities. Hoppe's speculative intelligence may be the only positive force ever influenced by the militant globalist/social democrat Jürgen Habermas. In the future I shall think more kindly of Habermas when remembering his spirited student.

Paul Gottfried is a professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College in Pennsylvania and the author of The Conservative Movement: Revised Edition *(Twayne Publishers).*

A World Suffused by Money

by Michael D. Aeschliman

Making Americans: An Essay on Individualism and Money
by Quentin Anderson
New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 264 pp., $21.95

◆

John Dewey, Neil Coughlan thought, was "the philosopher par excellence of American liberalism" because "he shared with it the root conviction that we can have both self-defined self-fulfillment and social justice for all." This sunny picture of human nature can hardly be squared with modern or contemporary history. Nevertheless, as Quentin Anderson argues, the "historical fact appears to be that American intellectuals show a reluctance or inability to admit that any limitation of the goal of 'self-fulfillment' is implied by membership in the community." So Dewey is one of Anderson's targets in the present book.

In an earlier work of great distinction and continuing influence, *The Imperial Self: An Essay in American Literary and Cultural History*, published in 1971, Anderson argued that fantasies of a transcendental, imperious, self-begotten, and self-created individuality were promoted with enduring effect by Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman. Their post-Christian, post-moral, and anti-social project influenced and inspired a broad range of American artists and intellectuals, encouraging a pervasive "culture of Narcissism" that reemerged with radical force in the late 1950's and after in the self-referential "Beat" writers. *Making Americans* refines and applies this analysis by showing the imperial self's relation and reaction to the laissez-faire capitalism that emerged in America in the quarter century before the Civil War, triumphed after it, and now dominates and characterizes our social milieu.

Anderson criticizes "the residual Marxism of American departments of literature in the 1990s" as well as the American Stalinists and fellow travelers of the 1930's and 1940's who were, in his view, a far worse evil than the capitalist country they inhabited, benefited from, and hated. Nevertheless, his critique of contemporary capitalist culture is devastatingly acute in its attack upon "the desiccating impersonality of economic relationships" and a "world suffused by the money network."

Though he has written with distinction on George Eliot, Anderson's main interest has been American literature, especially the work of Hawthorne, Melville, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and Henry James. *The Imperial Self* and *Making Americans* both argue that the Romantic-Transcendentalist-aestheticist mode of Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and James encouraged and prepared the way for both a post-moral "visionary capitalism" and what at first sight seems its opposite, the existential, aesthetic self-absorption of the Beats and of the 60's counterculture for which they prepared the way. Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman "had in common," he writes, "a pervasive undersong which was profoundly subversive" of ideas of family and society, of obligation and duty, of tradition, authority, and religion. Aesthetic visionaries such as Emerson had a procreative relation to the visionary capitalists of the Gilded Age, who also ignored traditional authority or held it in contempt. Great men make history, and Rockefeller, Gould, Vanderbilt, Fisk, and Carnegie were or saw themselves as such "great men." (As Anderson points out, Nietzsche read and admired Emerson, not *vice versa*.)

The anarchic, radical voluntarism of Emerson, his friend Carlyle, and Nietzsche helped destroy for their readers the credibility of theism, Christianity, and natural law, whose adherents were seen as timid, superstitious, or unmanly in the age of America's Social Darwinist expansion. If "self-reliance is a sufficient virtue, comprehending all other virtues," as Anderson's teacher Mark Van Doren paraphrased Emerson's central con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tention, then ethical law can have no credibility or authority for the really "liberated" individual, whether he styles himself a "left" radical or a "right" libertarian. This view proposes or entails a "deification of the individual," rooted in the "extravagant claims for the powers of the individual that we find in Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman." Left or right, the modern American often has an "Emersonian detachment from awareness of our conditioned state," as well as a concomitant contempt for ethics. He lives in and promotes what C.S. Lewis called "a world of incessant autobiography." Yet in the academy, now largely influenced by the Paris Deconstructionists, such radical voluntarism often shares the same cranial cavities with determinist ideas that deny *any* human agency or free will, seeing us all as puppets of gender, race, class, and an authoritarian "logocentrism," a contradictory conjunction that Anderson opposes.

Though essentially a work of literary and cultural history, *Making Americans* is a tribute to the moral imagination. It is also a book written out of love and loyalty to our turbulent and tattered Republic.

Michael D. Aeschliman is the author of The Restitution of Man: C.S. Lewis and the Case Against Scientism.

Lonesome No More

by Gregory McNamee

Streets of Laredo
by Larry McMurtry
New York: Simon & Schuster;
864 pp., $25.00

◆

All literary genres have their loyalists, but few have more devoted—and querulous—readers than the Western. So when in the mid-1980's rumors began to circulate that Larry McMurtry, hitherto known for his angst-ridden tales of modern Texas, was at work on an epic oater, shoot-'em-up fans began looking for a noose, sure that the bespectacled belletrist would revise their Old West out of existence. He did; but McMurtry's *Lonesome Dove* went on to become one of the best-selling Westerns of recent times. Of course, diehard oater-eaters had their day with it; they even convened a special panel at the 1985 Western Historical Association convention to squabble over why the mock-heroic cowboys who populate the novel needed to drive their cattle all the way to Montana when they would have hit a stockyard-bound railroad line in southern Kansas. In *Lonesome Dove* McMurtry took pains to strip away the legendary West, to discover a region plagued by genocide, random violence, failure, and frustrated dreams, a West where many lose while few gain, where people travel far to go nowhere.

Sequels never quite match up to their progenitors, and McMurtry's *Streets of Laredo* is no exception. Partly, this is the inescapable result of its setting. Texas has quieted down since the hell-raising days of Augustus McCrae and Woodrow Call. In *Lonesome Dove*, the protagonists were retired from the Texas Rangers and happily settled into a life of hard drinking and cattle rustling, ending with McCrae's death far from home. The second book finds the fast-aging Call at loose ends, adrift in the place he helped settle. His friend, the historical figure Charles Goodnight, describes the situation, remarking of his ranchhands:

> The cowboys wore guns from wistfulness. . . . They wanted to feel that they were living in a West that was still wild. It was harmless nostalgia, for the most part; as long as they didn't injure themselves or the livestock, he put no strictures on their use of firearms.
>
> But the Panhandle was no longer the wild West—not by a long shot. The cowboys could play or posture all they wanted to, adjusting their holsters and practicing fast draws. The fact was, they were herdsmen, not gunfighters, and it would be colossal bad luck if their herding ever brought them into contact with a real killer, of the sort that had once been common in the West.

Such psychopathic killers may have dwindled in number, but the deeds of one of them helps to propel *Streets of Laredo*. Across the border in Mexico, a teenager named Joey Garza has discovered that he enjoys wasting most of the people who cross his path. Had he stayed put in Ojinaga, the good gringos across the way would not have minded this antisocial behavior, but Joey has taken to crossing the line, killing whole train crews, and felling innocent men with a long-range rifle just for the pleasure of practicing his aim. In one particularly gruesome scene, the *bandido* slaughters a hapless cowboy and deposits choice bits of the buckaroo's body atop the sheriff's desk in the nearby Presidio jail, inches from the snoring lawman. When Garza unites with the racist bandit John Wesley Hardin, it is only out of expediency; their common front will earn him enough money to return to Mexico, live in high style, and mutilate his neighbors whenever the fancy strikes.

Psycho or not, Garza is the most interesting character in the novel. Woodrow Call, who should hold center stage, has always been a one-dimensional character, without much to say and without many thoughts in his head. Call, loyal as a bloodhound, is good for killing, but even being whittled down bit by bit over the years fails to inspire him to much reflection. Garza, on the other hand, actually feels passion for his line of work, sinister though it may be, and is the only character who might be said to possess an idea. The taciturn Call ("I ain't a lawman. I work for myself.") naturally has to go up against Garza, inspired not by noble thoughts but rather by a bounty offered by a railroad tycoon. Call suffers all kinds of setbacks, and only the help of his trustworthy sidekick Pea Eye saves him from winding up any worse than he does.

Devotees of the Western genre will find little to displease in *Streets of Laredo*. McMurtry peppers his story with enough historical characters to keep diehards guessing and uses his considerable literary skills to elevate his story far above the average oater, bringing in some of the dark vision that makes his earlier modern novels like *The Last Picture Show* so compelling. As he remarks of the people of the borderland, "Survival was all they had time for, and numbers of them failed even at that." His sequel is not, and probably could not have been, the great achievement of *Lonesome Dove*, but far weaker attempts have been made at getting to the heart of the West than *Streets of Laredo*.

Gregory McNamee's Gila: The Life and Death of an American River *is forthcoming from Crown Publishers.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter From Indiana

by William L. Isley, Jr.

The Middle American Struggle

◆

Earlier this year my 12-year-old son and I had a knock-down-drag-out fight over patriotism and the evils of media influence. What incident set off these family fireworks? Was it the current U.N. wars or the influx of foreign goods? Was it Dan Rather or MTV? No, it was something much more important. My son, who misses no opportunity to criticize Indiana's Hurrying Hoosiers, was backing the University of Michigan's "Fab Five," happily defeated earlier in the year by one of the dumbest mistakes in NCAA basketball history.

I suppose to the uninitiated this might raise a few eyebrows. How can you get from jump shots to Japan or from dunk shots to Dan Rather? The answer is that we take our basketball very seriously in this state. In order to understand this state's passion for basketball, you must first understand that historically the heart of Indiana basketball has been not in the colleges, but in the high schools. Dr. Naismith may have invented the game in Massachusetts, but it took off like a three-point shot in Indiana. According to Herb Schwomeyer's *Hoosier Hysteria*, the first game played in America outside of Massachusetts was in Crawfordsville in 1893. Eighteen years later Crawfordsville High School won the first state high school championship.

It is significant that Crawfordsville won the first state title. It is also significant that Muncie Central High School has won eight championships, more than any other school. It tells us something about Indiana culture. We are, in contrast to our image as a rural farm state, a state of small cities and towns. The 1990 census states that 65 percent of Indiana's population lives in urban areas. True, one of the glories of Indiana high school basketball is that it has a classless or, as we anti-Marxists prefer to say, an equal-opportunity state tournament. All schools, regardless of their size or lack of it, compete against one another for the same championship. This means that tiny Milan, which loosely served as the basis for the movie *Hoosiers* and had an enrollment of only 161, was able to defeat Muncie Central in 1954, lay legitimate claim to being the best team in the state, and attain Hoosier immortality. Still, Milan's great victory has become a myth obscuring the fact.

Most of our towns found their corporate identity through high school basketball teams and through employment in one or two factories. Entertainment and economies within the towns created and fostered intense local loyalties. My mother, a generous and kind Christian woman, born and reared in Madison, Indiana, still cannot prevent a look of contempt from spreading over her face whenever the name Jasper is mentioned. Jasper had the audacity to upset Madison in the 1949 championship game. I, to this day, cannot cheer for a Noblesville team, our arch rivals when I was in high school.

Unfortunately, our tradition is in serious danger. Our small-town culture is dying in the face of America's contemporary centralizing "mediaocracy," although school consolidation has done significant damage as well. The local basketball game is not the only show in town. Increasingly, people will sit in front of their televisions to watch Northeast Louisiana State play Oklahoma A&T rather than attend the game at their local gym. My son would rather have watched Chris Webber of Michigan, a mere media image in his life, than go to see a flesh-and-blood local hero fight for the glory of Carmel High.

Now, although the words catch in my Hoosier throat that has often gone hoarse at a ball game, I must admit that there is more than the game of basketball at stake here. The sin of the mediaocracy is that it makes us live in a world of illusory images. What appears on the screen is more real than our neighbor, to whom we only happen to say "Hi" in the driveway as we rush in to eat our frozen dinners in front of the boob tube. The result is moral voyeurism by which people become more agitated about defending the "rights" of Kuwaitis, Somalians, and Bosnians than about defending the integrity of their own community. After all, they don't see Richmond and Kokomo on ABC news or even its Indianapolis affiliate. In a mediaocracy, whose motto is "I televise, therefore it is," they quite simply do not exist.

Symbolic of this confusion of image with reality were the 1993 state championship games, which we attended since Carmel, my town's high school, was among the "Final Four." They were held in the Hoosier Dome, a professional football stadium converted for the use of basketball to accommodate 25,000-plus fans. The problem was that the floor was so far away for much of the crowd that they had to have a huge screen. Many, although in attendance at the game, still viewed it through a camera lens. Image was more real than flesh and blood.

The economic base of our community identities is fast eroding as well. Many of our small central and eastern Indiana towns, such as Muncie, which was the subject of the Lynd's famous "Middletown" studies, experienced their first boom with the discovery of natural gas in the late 19th century. Glass factories, like the Ball Company, came in to take advantage of the readily available resource. Hoosier towns early on became automotive centers, often producing their own automobiles. Indeed, many of their consumer products were made for local consumption. This pattern continued into the 20's, the very time basketball caught on in a big way. These two elements, economics and entertainment, helped to create a strong and independent community identity. Team names, such as the Bedford Stonecutters and the Ladoga Canners, reflected this fused identity. By the time of the Great Depression, the local industries were usually struggling or had been purchased by regional or national companies. The locally owned small factories, such as meat-packing plants, have almost entirely disappeared now. In the automotive industry, towns eventually came to produce only parts as part of a larger corporation. These factories are still alive, but in grave trouble.

Even areas in which there is some good economic news no longer foster a strong community identity. Take Anderson, for example. The town, home to a large Delco Remy plant, has been having serious economic difficulties, and its population declined by over 13,000 in the 1980's. A recent article in the *Indi-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anapolis Star boasted of a current recovery. The problem is that the mild upturn is fueled to a large extent by the prospect of significantly cheaper housing, all within a relatively reasonable commuting distance to the north side of Indianapolis. Although I am glad for the financial boost to my brother-in-law's hometown, it will no longer be Anderson that is prospering. It will cease to be an independent community and turn into a mere suburb of Indianapolis. People who work in Indianapolis and live in Anderson only because the housing is cheaper will not be real citizens in any sense of the word. They will not pass on a sense of joy and pride in their hometown and will resent any taxation that goes to support the local community. This attitude will be passed on to their children, who will long to be somewhere else than their hick town and would never think of passing up a night of MTV to attend the Indians game at the Wigwam, one of the truly great places to see a basketball game. Or they will root for Michigan against our Hoosiers and die in foreign lands without ever lifting a finger to help their neighbors.

It will be a sad day when the Wigwam no longer reverberates to the passionate cheers of those who live and die according to the success of their boys. It will be an even sadder day when the local community spirit, which made American democracy function, becomes a relic of the past.

William L. Isley, Jr., writes from Carmel.

Letter From Milwaukee

by Christopher Check

New and Old Catholicism

◆

The Archdiocese of Milwaukee is keeping pace with the rest of the Church in America as it embraces the usual causes and crusades under the banners of "community" and "equality" while all but shedding Catholic inconveniences like Mortal Sin and Sanctifying Grace. Apparently salvation now depends more on the sincerity of your handshake of peace than on works of charity. What sharpens this tragedy in Milwaukee, however, is the incongruity of so much hand-holding amid so many beautiful churches. A city architecturally endowed to preserve the past is abandoning tradition as quickly as our "sisters and brothers" in younger parts of the nation.

Venue is not essential for pious worship, but for those of us whose faith has not yet achieved mustard-seed size, Milwaukee provides many turn-of-the-century churches whose vaulted ceilings and gilded statues make them ideal for fervent prayer and ritual. Out of place are the diluted pro-life homilies that suggest our respect for life should also embrace the antitobacco and antipollution efforts. In spite of this spiritual banality, anyone with a modest amount of devotion can spend a rewarding weekend exploring many of Milwaukee's churches. The three that should not be missed are the St. Josephat Basilica on the south side, the St. Joan of Arc Chapel on the Marquette University campus, and Old Saint Mary's Church downtown.

The story of St. Josephat's is as impressive as the building itself. Built by the faith, pennies, and second mortgages of Milwaukee's Polish immigrants, the building originally stood as the Chicago Central Post Office. When the foundation cracked in 1888, Chicago planned demolition. Milwaukee Poles, seeking to build a church but too poor to afford quarrying and stonecutting expenses, bought the post office, dismantled it, marked the pieces, and carted them to Milwaukee in over 500 rail cars. The pastor, Father Wilhelm Grutzka (a skilled blacksmith), along with a professional architect, redesigned the building using St. Peter's as a model. Construction took only six years. Plagued by inept financial management, the parishioners relinquished control in 1910 to the Franciscans, who prevented foreclosure and have kept the parish out of debt ever since. (At one point creditors had planned to convert it to an opera house.) Though one of only 22 basilicas in the United States dedicated exclusively "*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*," St. Josephat's must now be razed when it can no longer serve that purpose. The faithful of the parish have delayed destruction with a two million-dollar restoration plan, which will include a new copper dome.

The St. Joan of Arc Chapel, also a transplant, was built in the 14th century in southeastern France, where, originally named for St. Martin of Sayssuel, it served the nobility and villagers of Chasse. Time and the French Revolution took their respective tolls on the small oratory, leaving it in ruins by the 20th century. In 1927, aided by an architect named Jacques Couelle, Gertrude Hill Gavin had the chapel dismantled, moved to her Long Island estate, and rebuilt adjacent to a Renaissance chateau, also imported from France. The estate changed hands in 1962 to the Rojtman family who three years later donated the chapel to Marquette, where it now rests rededicated to its current patroness. The austere yet stirring interior contains a diverse collection of artifacts, including the tomb of a French knight buried in 1524; crucifixes, small statues, and an altar cloth (all from the 16th century); a medieval baptismal font; and a faded tapestry.

Two of the chapel's treasures have intriguing stories. An engraver's plate from 18th-century Poland depicting the Crucifixion was once the cherished possession of a young immigrant. About to board ship for America, he realized he had forgotten the plate and rescheduled his voyage. The ship on which he was originally booked was lost at sea. A flat stone built into the wall behind the altar once supported a statue of the Blessed Virgin, before which Joan of Arc is said to have prayed, ending her prayer by kissing the stone. The popular belief, confirmed by the Geology Department at Marquette, is that the stone is several degrees cooler than those which surround it. My wrist test was inconclusive, but I am not against believing.

In 1846, German immigrants built Old Saint Mary's of the same Cream City brick found in Milwaukee's early breweries. Exactly as old as the city itself, the building is Milwaukee's oldest Catholic Church. Among its beautiful decorations is an oil painting of the Annunciation given by the King of Bavaria in 1848. The painting is framed by a massive, intricately carved main altar of gilded wood. The recently restored hand-painted stained glass windows, several life-size statues of major saints, and the three bronze church bells are all from Munich.

These glorious buildings witness daily the misguided antics of the modern Church. At St. Josephat's I overheard an aging feminist chirp insistently, "and became 'one of us,'" during that portion of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Creed which acknowledges the Incarnation. At Marquette during the petitions a gentleman complete with pounding fist pleaded that we "labor till our dying day to eradicate the awful racism that permeates our world." And at Old St. Mary's the elaborate "Old World atmosphere" touted in the bulletin serves as an unwilling backdrop for the Sunday folk guitar Mass. All the while a renegade Franciscan offers the Tridentine Rite without permission in an inner-city shack reminiscent of a Quonset hut.

Two years ago, seeking a sanctioned Latin Mass in Milwaukee, I called the chancery. The pained voice on the other end informed me that Archbishop Weakland had approved the Tridentine Rite once a month on Saturday evenings "for those members of the Archdiocese who cannot accept change." That number of us not blessed with the eighth cardinal virtue, "open-mindedness," is growing. Consequently, the Latin Mass is now offered weekly on Sundays in a more central location.

Nevertheless, the Archbishop continues quietly to pacify us while marching ahead with his agenda. He is currently considering a plan to unionize Milwaukee's Catholic schoolteachers. The letter that accompanied his appeal for annual donations provided a checklist by which I could indicate those issues I considered important to the Archdiocese. "Social injustice," "racism," and "the role of women" are all evidently more important to the Archbishop than abortion, which *did not* make the list. I kept my money—the role of women has been defined and requires no further funding.

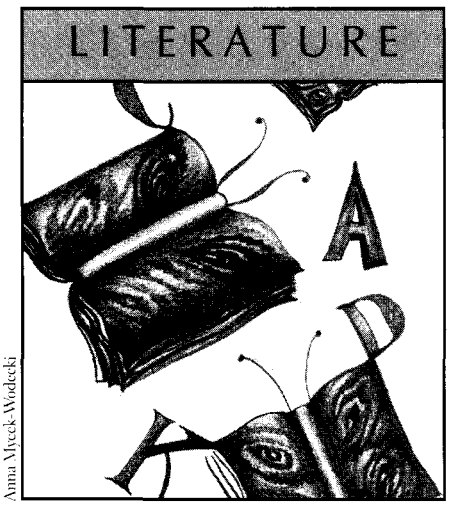
Christopher Check is a captain in the Marine Corps serving a nonfleet tour in Milwaukee.

Wintering Over

by Gloria Whelan

A shriveled blackberry
dangles useless as a single earring.
I had its cousins for my kettle,
that greedy steel mouth
that eats the countryside.
The leafy days are gone;
summer is Victrola music
you won't hear again,
the garden a graveyard;
only the parsnips
survive the freeze
to stand one foot in the grave,
their white bones sweetening,
sucking on green memories,
game as the row of old men
at the nursing home
I visited today,
all their growing over,
their sugar smiles
splitting toothless mouths
while they flirt a little
with the frosty nurses.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Anna Mecek-Wodecki

Maya Angelou's Inaugural Poem

by John Meroney

Plagiarized or Inspired?

When Bill Clinton picked writer Maya Angelou to create and read a poem at his swearing-in ceremony, he was given kudos by the media and academia for the "diversity" and brilliance of his selection. Many spoke of how a woman whose books (*I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* and *Swingin' and Singin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas* among them) are about the struggle of growing up in black America, her own rape, and her life as a single mother would bring an unparalleled depth of understanding to the inauguration, far more than what JFK offered when he selected Robert Frost to create and read a poem at his swearing-in ceremony 32 years earlier.

Angelou's poem, "On the Pulse of Morning," which opens with "A Rock, A River, A Tree" and uses those images throughout as the structure of the poem, was roundly acclaimed and said to be of tremendous depth, insight, and originality. Hillary Clinton told Angelou, "It is as if you have been looking in our brains for the last six weeks. You said it much better than we could."

On the Wake Forest University campus in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where Angelou was appointed professor-for-life in 1982, there was also celebration. As the editor of a student magazine, and one who has written about Angelou, I took special note of the reaction. One prominent English professor described the poem as "remarkable . . . an eloquent call for justice, inclusion, and peace" and talked about how, months later, the "brilliant presentation" was still "resonating for so many of us." In the alumni magazine, Angelou was grouped with Frost, Walt Whitman, and Ralph Waldo Emerson as "distinguished visionaries who appeared on deck as the ship of state was about to embark on a new course" and whose poetry was a guide that offered courage for the long voyage.

The reaction to Angelou's poem, however, was not the same in all corners. One of those listening in rapt attention on Inauguration Day was Norton F. Tennille, Jr., Oxford student with Clinton, Harvard Law '68, and now an attorney in Washington, D.C., at Jones, Day, Reavis & Pogue, the second-largest law firm in the nation. Tennille, who was raised in Winston-Salem, educated at a local high school and the University of North Carolina, had a different reaction when he heard Angelou's poem—one of *déjà vu*.

In 1985, after participating in a wilderness adventure sponsored by the North Carolina Outward Bound School, an educational organization that promotes self-reliance, Tennille was so profoundly affected that he wrote a poem about it—a poem that begins, strangely enough, "Rock, rope, river, hands" and, like Angelou's, uses those images, and that of the tree, as the structure of his poem. Upon hearing her poem, Tennille declared, "My God, that sounds very familiar. One can see the manifest similarities."

Hours after the Inaugural, Tennille, who is reported to be a staunch Democrat, wrote directly to Angelou, whose real name is Marguerite Johnson, enclosing copies of both poems, wherein he outlined and diagramed what he called the "striking similarities." When I carefully examined both poems, I found that each was structured in a similar way:

Angelou	*Tennille*
I. Rock	I. Rock
II. River	II. Rope (wrapped around trees)
III. Tree	III. River
IV. Hands	IV. Hands

Tennille asked Angelou, very politely, "Did you ever read my poem, and did you draw on its concept, structure, [and] images in constructing your own?" He also requested a meeting with Angelou to discuss the similarities.

One might expect a well-known writer like Angelou simply to dismiss Tennille by telling him that she hadn't read his poem and that it didn't matter that they had expressed similar thoughts. Instead, for the past eight months, Angelou has maintained a suspicious silence, ignoring Tennille's letter as well as subsequent ones he has sent to her publisher and employer.

By the time it became apparent to Tennille that he would not be receiving a response from Angelou, he noticed that her inaugural poem had been published by Random House and that an audio cassette had also been released. In April, Tennille sent a polite, certified letter to Random House in which he included a copy of his January letter to Angelou along with the poems. "Enclosed is a copy of a letter I sent to Maya Angelou in January concerning certain similarities between her Inaugural Poem, which you have now published, and a poem that was published by the North Carolina Outward Bound School in 1985," wrote Tennille. "I have received no response from Ms. Angelou. . . Could you please make sure that she receives this copy?" It was a thinly veiled threat: here was a letter, in effect, from an attorney at the second-largest law firm in the nation saying Random House may be publishing material that was merely an expansion of a poem published and distributed nine years earlier. By June, both Angelou and Random House had failed to respond, so Tennille sent a certified letter to Thomas K. Hearn, Jr., the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

president of Wake Forest University. Tennille told Hearn of the similarities and Angelou's failure to respond. "Would you make sure my letter reaches Professor Angelou and relay my request for a response?" asked Tennille.

By the middle of July, Angelou, Random House, and Hearn had all failed to respond to Tennille, except for a short note he received from a lower-level Wake Forest administrator who said, "Hearn is away for a couple of weeks" and Angelou "has been in great demand as a speaker." Although that may be the case, Angelou's schedule certainly wasn't crowded by her responsibilities at Wake Forest, where she is paid over $100,000 a year: she offered no classes during the entire 1992-1993 academic year, save one course in the fall that she canceled after two weeks.

Tennille also wrote to John Huie, director of Outward Bound. Rumor had it that Tennille's poem came to Angelou's attention because she had extensive contact with individuals connected with Outward Bound after Clinton selected her. Because I thought this rumor seemed particularly damaging, I contacted Huie and another Outward Bound staffer, both of whom confirmed Angelou's involvement. Not only did Angelou meet with individuals closely connected with Outward Bound, but she had a *three-hour* conversation with Huie where Outward Bound was discussed "in great depth." When I interviewed Huie, who had received copies of Tennille's letters to Angelou and had been apprised that the central images of the inaugural poem might not be entirely her own, he doggedly argued that the story was "benign," "esoteric," and hardly "newsworthy." Charitably construed, his words to me were clearly designed to protect Angelou, whom he had asked to be on the Outward Bound advisory board and whom he said may have contributed money to the organization.

Huie revealed that during his lengthy meeting with Angelou, she "shared her struggle" over creating the poem for Clinton. It was clear from Huie's statements that she had difficulty rising to the occasion. Angelou had a great deal of access to information about Outward Bound not only because of her lengthy discussion with Huie but also because a man reported to be a mentor to Angelou has been extensively involved with the organization. In addition, a framed calligraphy version of Tennille's poem hangs on the walls in the offices of many people who have been through the program, or are associated with it, including Arthur Sulzberger, Jr., publisher of the *New York Times*.

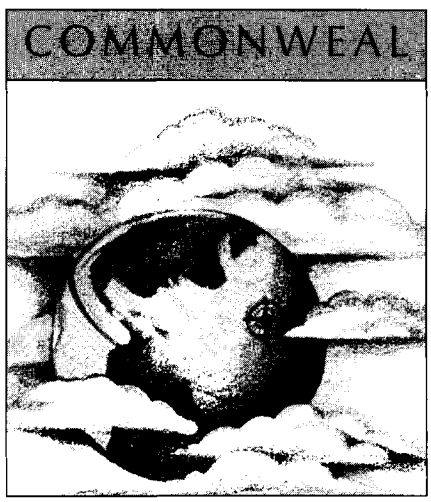
In a recent television interview with Oprah Winfrey, Angelou described the "struggle" she experienced during the writing of the poem. "I had to wait until it could get all into the marrow of my bones, and get into my fingernails, and into my hair follicles, and when I finally understood what I had to do, then I started writing," she said. Angelou even repeated a bizarre ritual she frequently follows when writing: she checks into a local motel, asks the manager to remove any decorative material in the room that may distract her, and with a Bible, thesaurus, yellow legal pad, and bottle of sherry, starts to create profound literature.

The concept, structure, and central images of the two poems are, as Tennille notes, quite similar. The only major difference I could perceive is that Angelou's poem features a gratuitous, voluminous, out-of-context filler about ethnic groups, homosexuals, greedy capitalists, and the environment. One wonders why she has failed to respond, in almost nine months, to appeals to her, her publisher, and her employer from a man who, very politely but very pointedly, suggests that she may have freely borrowed from and built upon his material. In fact, I have made repeated attempts to get Angelou to respond to these developments. None of my telephone calls has been returned. Tennille declined to say whether he is considering legal action for copyright infringement; he clearly would like to hear from Angelou first.

The moral of this story is not so much that Angelou may have borrowed extensively from Tennille's earlier work. It is that those who wrote about the extraordinary diversity she brought to the opening moments of the Clinton administration are now in the position of having to admit, at the very least, that the central images of her poem did not come, as she has said, from the "genius of the African American canon of art" because a white male wrote a similar poem nine years earlier.

A cynic could argue not only that Norton Tennille beat Maya Angelou to the punch, but that he was her inspiration. Perhaps Angelou's approach to writing Clinton's poem was similar to her approach to the rest of her life: changing her name, purporting to be a professor but teaching no classes, and representing herself on a record album of calypso music as being from Trinidad rather than from a dusty little town in Arkansas not far from President Clinton's home. Perhaps.

John Meroney is a Publius Fellow at The Claremont Institute near Los Angeles.



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Notes From the Immigration Front

by Ruth Coffey

In less than two generations, America has evolved from a nation of proud, courageous, freedom-loving citizens into a fragmented group of pandering, cowardly supplicants who spend their days pleading with ethnic "political piranhas" and their advocates in the media to forgive them for taking up space in their own country, speaking their own language, cherishing their own traditions and history, and, above all, having the temerity to ask that the laws of this land be obeyed. Proof that we are no longer a country of red-blooded Americans who brook no interference from any foreign country was the news report of a March 8, 1993, "hearing" held at Fort Mason, California, to collect testimony from "immigrant" (translate, "illegal alien") women claiming to be the victims of everything from rape to inadequate wages.

Coordinated by organizations with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

names like the Coalition for Immigrant and Refugee Rights and Services (and its Women's Task Force), Equal Rights Advocates, and the Legal Aid Society of San Mateo County, this illegal alien get-together was championed by such people as Elissevet Stamatopoulou, Chief of the United Nations Center for Human Rights, who was quoted as saying, "[W]e have to shake things up." At age 67, I can remember a time when someone like this U.N. interloper would have been first punched in the nose and then run out of town for daring to dictate the laws of this country to its citizens or to defend the people who contemptuously break them. As for those presumably American citizens who label themselves pro-immigrant rights advocates, the booing they would have received from their loyal American counterparts at such a meeting even 20 years ago would have sent them scampering as well.

It is inconceivable to me that true Americans can stand by and allow themselves to be chastised by members of foreign governments (like Ms. Stamatopoulou) for not putting a round-the-clock guard on female illegal aliens who walk over our borders uninvited. Yet they blinked not an eye at the "threat" of having the results of the March 8 inquisition turned over to the U.N. World Conference on Human Rights, held in Vienna last June.

What's more terrifying than the fact that American citizens seem to have had their courage and loyalty sucked up by a giant political vacuum cleaner is that they are not even aware of what is really behind such "human rights hearings" for illegal aliens. Simply put, there has been a concerted attempt by those with a vested interest in opening our country's borders to abolish the INS as a law enforcement agency and to utilize its personnel to expedite the relocation of *more* immigrants to this country. The next step will naturally be to disband the border patrol completely, since we will have no use for it with open borders.

If anyone views these comments with skepticism, I suggest he get hold of a copy of the October 26, 1992, *Los Angeles Times* and read an editorial entitled "Bush vs. Clinton: What Would Be the Best Immigration Policy?" This article describes how a "border-effort" consolidation would merge all of our immigration agencies into one and "focus more resources and attention on helping immigrants assimilate into U.S. life."

The editorial also tells of "another good idea quietly working its way through government policy circles in Mexico City" that would have *Mexico* helping the United States regulate the flow of Mexican workers into this country. Yet there is nothing quiet about the individuals who are feverishly working to destroy America as a Western civilization—with our tax dollars. (You can be certain they have not spent money out of their own pockets to put on debacles like the one last March or to send an emissary to Vienna with a report on America's cruelty to illegal aliens.) America is joining the ranks of those countries whose conquered citizens strew flowers beneath the feet of their invaders.

* * *

As one of the countless thousands of American citizens who vehemently opposed Zoë Baird's appointment to the office of U.S. Attorney General, I too was highly gratified to find that our righteous protests were successful. Yet unlike most of those citizens who bombarded the switchboards and FAX machines of our capital to vent outrage at an individual who had brazenly violated our nation's immigration laws, I was not ready for a victory parade since I realized that Baird's rejection was just one small battle in the prolonged war against the growing invasion of illegal aliens and against those like Baird who aid and abet their presence in our country.

As a matter of fact, news of Baird's rejection wasn't even official before I had begun to find out how and why the employment agencies that recruit illegal aliens for American employers are allowed to profit from violating our country's immigration laws. First, I contacted the agent in charge of the Hartford, Connecticut, Immigration and Naturalization Service and asked what steps, if any, had been taken to investigate the two employment agencies there that had been mentioned in the press as suppliers of illegal alien help. The answer: "Nothing." The explanation? "There are only six INS agents in Connecticut to oversee a population of three-and-a-half million."

Then I contacted the office of California State Senator Quentin Kopp (an outspoken opponent of illegal immigration) and requested his help in alerting the California State Labor Board (which licenses employment agencies) and the INS to the fact that California has numerous businesses that solicit illegal aliens as employees for affluent residents. I also asked that he immediately initiate an investigation of such businesses and that he encourage enforcement of employer sanction laws. For those of you unfamiliar with these laws, they are part of the 1986 Immigration Act, which declared amnesty for all illegal aliens who could prove continuous residence in the United States since before 1982, as well as meet certain other minimum requirements. This legislation entitled millions of illegal aliens to a "green card," or work permit, which allowed them to work in this country indefinitely. It also subjected employers who hired immigrants without this legal proof of residency to varying fines.

Yet in spite of this law, the hiring of illegal aliens continues unabated. Patty Siegel, executive director of the California Child Care Resources and Referral Network, estimates that among California families with children under one year old where both parents are working professionals more than one-third rely on illegal aliens for their child care. In Los Angeles, by some estimates, 80 percent of all domestics are hired illegally. And, as the *Los Angeles Times* reported this January, INS largely allows such practices to go unchallenged. What we witnessed in the case of Zoë Baird was just a skirmish. The switchboards and FAX machines of our elected officials function every day: we must bombard them until the war against the invaders of our country (and those who assist them) is won.

* * *

Contrary to the popular belief that illegal aliens must become proficient in English, possess a general knowledge of our nation's history, and understand government procedure to qualify for permanent residency, all that our amnesty program (a result of the 1986 Immigration Act) required until recently was that applicants attend certain "approved" classes for a minimum of 40 hours. Ask the average American what the amnesty program is and undoubtedly he will reply that it is funded by the federal government for the purpose of educating illegal aliens so that they can meet the qualifications for residency or citizenship. But nothing could be further from the truth.

For those illegal aliens who can't (sometimes after more than 15 years of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

residency) answer, orally and in English, nine out of 15 questions (such as "Which office deals with immigration: the INS, the employment office, the social security office, or the post office?") there was an even more simplified method of attaining the status of permanent resident. According to the January 29, 1989, issue of the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, for those illegal aliens who had not miraculously developed a burning desire to become citizens, speak English, or learn American history, but wanted merely to avoid deportation, the amnesty program created an alternative. With this method, all that amnesty applicants were required to do was to show up for at least 40 hours of a 60-hour civics course. Upon fulfillment of this requirement, applicants were awarded certificates of attendance that automatically rendered them eligible for permanent residency.

For the most part, "instructors" in the "learning centers" providing the 60-hour course comprised those quick to jump on a gravy boat kept afloat with billions of federal tax dollars. Since the amnesty program provided for up to 190 hours of free "tutoring" to each illegal alien, these instructors were also quick to encourage their pupils to extend their classroom time from the minimum 40 hours to an average of 150 hours. Because instructors were paid for each hour a pupil spent in the "learning centers," it doesn't take a computer to figure out that transforming illegal aliens into legal aliens was a lucrative business. (One Los Angeles school had an enrollment of more than 3,000 pupils.) In fact, in 1989 California demanded $50 million in addition to the $354.1 million over five years already allotted the state for this program. While the last aliens to go through the amnesty program were to complete their courses by November 1990, this might well be the start of a vicious cycle whereby taxpayers periodically fund the transformation of illegal immigrants into "permanent residents."

All this is in no way meant to imply that out of the millions of aliens who took advantage of the amnesty program to become legal, a small percentage won't ultimately apply for (and acquire) citizenship after the required five-year wait. The very fact that a modestly intelligent ten-year-old could pass the qualifying test makes citizenship ridiculously easy to attain for anyone with a vocabulary of a few hundred English words and the ability to memorize the answers to a few simple questions.

In fact, as a result of the Immigration Act of 1990, it is now possible to become a citizen by mail. Before, new citizens had to attend a formal naturalization ceremony before a judge, in which they took an oath of loyalty to the flag, Constitution, and laws of the United States. Now, citizenship papers are mailed to our country's new "citizens" upon request. Or, as in Tucson, Arizona, this past summer, Hispanic immigrants are welcomed to American citizenship *in Spanish*. Organized by Tucson's INS office, which thought conducting citizenship ceremonies in a foreign language would be a "nice gesture" to recent immigrants, the city's program demanded only that the oath of loyalty be recited in English (as required by law).

There is no longer any difference between an American "citizen" and a "naturalized" voter. Latino and other ethnic organizations (like the National Association of Latino Elected and Appointed Officials) are feverishly engaged in setting up "learning centers" of their own, in which "their people" are instructed in how to apply for citizenship—and thus attain "political power." Power over *whom* is not entirely clear, but the implication is that they wish to lord it over citizens of the country that offered them hospitality and freedom to begin with.

In none of the thousands of articles I have read or the endless harangues I have heard from the leaders of organizations with names like the Mexican American Legal Defense and Education Fund (MALDEF), the National Council of La Raza ("The Race"), and the League of Latin American Citizens (LULAC) has the word "privilege" been used in connection with the concept of American citizenship. Nor have I heard anyone explain that citizenship consists of more than rushing off to the voting booth to elect the candidate of one's choice—or rather of the aforementioned ethnic organizations' choice. Hermandad Mexicana Nacional, an affiliate of La Raza deemed eligible by the INS to administer American citizenship examinations, actually incited Mexicans in California to *break* the laws of this country. In the summer of 1992, the Hermandad—or "Brotherhood" (which reportedly received $8.3 million in federal grants for "educational programs" in 1991-1992)—organized a strike of drywall workers, which involved numerous illegal aliens and which resulted in violent scuffings with police officers on more than one occasion.

To these organizations, and to all the apathetic American citizens who continue to ignore their bid for ethnic dictatorship, I offer the words of James Baldwin: "The making of an American begins at that point where he himself rejects all other ties, any other history, and himself adopts the vesture of his adopted land." This should be required reading for every elected official and for every individual responsible for reducing the requirements for citizenship and voter registration to no more than an inconvenient formality.

* * *

The January 19, 1993, issue of the *San Diego Union* laid out details of a mind-boggling plan to send *Mexican* teachers into *our* country's tax-funded public schools to instruct Mexican students in the history and culture of Mexico. This comes at a time when *American* teachers in California have had to agree to a devastating salary cut in order to keep *their* jobs, yet the plan has to date gone unchallenged.

While dedicated American citizens are working tirelessly to secure our country's borders against the invasion of millions of illegal aliens, our school and civic leaders have been making plans to give Mexico carte blanche to run this country's schools by remote control. Actually, there is nothing "remote" about permitting Mexican teachers with Mexican textbooks to teach (in Spanish) Mexican history, Mexican culture, and, for all I know, Mexican cooking to teenage Mexican students in taxpayer-funded American classrooms: sponsored by the Mexican Ministry of Education, the San Diego program includes esteem-building talks by psychologists and professors so teens can "value themselves and their rich culture" and learn that "to be Mexican is not to be bad, not to be stupid."

There is also nothing remote about the possibility that a large number of these Mexican students are *illegal aliens*. Nor is there anything remote about the possibility that, since the Mexican instructors will be responsible for determining who qualifies for a high-school equivalency diploma, all students will be promptly registered as voters. For if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

California Assemblyman Joe Baca is successful in having his proposed legislation enacted, all California students 18 years or older will be registered to vote as part of their U.S. government and civics courses.

This insidious plan on the part of the Mexican government and its American allies to indoctrinate Mexican expatriates in undying loyalty to the country from which they so willingly fled is unconscionable as well as of dubious constitutionality: the Mexican government has admitted its political motives behind the adult and teen education programs, citing concern about the number of Mexican immigrants in the United States still voting at home and influencing events there.

Political motives also lie behind the recent demands of Latino and other ethnic students for "cultural studies" departments. The hunger strike and violent protest (which caused $50,000 in damage) for a Chicano studies department at UCLA and the demonstration for an Asian-American studies department at the University of California-Irvine earlier this year illustrated that student interest in ethnic studies is not purely intellectual. "It's no longer just an academic question. It has become a symbol," said California Senator Art Torres, who threatened to block state funding to UCLA if the demands of Latino students were not met. As Latinos on campus waved Mexican flags and banners reading "500 Years of Resistance," true Americans had to ask: A symbol of what?

I close with an excerpt from a letter written by historian Lord Macaulay to H.S. Randall (biographer of Thomas Jefferson) in 1857: "As I said before, when a society has entered this downward progress, either liberty or civilization must perish. Either some Caesar or Napoleon will seize the reigns of government with a strong hand or your Republic will be as fearlessly plundered and laid waste by the barbarians in the 20th century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth, with the difference that the huns and vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, and your huns and vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions."

Ruth Coffey is president of S.I.N. (Stop Immigration Now) in Long Beach, California.

The Facts and Fiction of Election Reforms

by Steven Schwalm

Two of the Clinton campaign's central promises aimed at reducing the federal budget deficit and "reinventing" government. Unfortunately, President Clinton's recently unveiled campaign finance reform plan will do neither. The most dramatic step the President could take toward accomplishing his goals would be to resist congressmen's desires on the topic closest to their hearts: election laws.

The President's plans to lower the Political Action Committee (PAC) contribution limit of $5,000 to match the individual limit of $1,000, to prohibit "bundling" of contributions, and to ban lobbyists from giving or soliciting campaign funds have all been abandoned in the face of opposition from the House Democratic leadership. What remains closely resembles the House and Senate bills H.R. 3 and S. 3, respectively. These bills, similar to last year's campaign finance reform bill, offer tax dollars to ease incumbents' fundraising chores while making it more difficult for credible challengers to mount winning campaigns. These bills will cost hundreds of millions of federal dollars annually and further entrench the status quo in Washington.

Congressmen have a direct stake in election laws. Election reforms should make elections more competitive; instead, past "reforms" have increased the already formidable advantage enjoyed by congressional incumbents. Both of the new election reform bills would continue this trend. Candidate Clinton proclaimed, "You have to be for changing business as usual in Washington." The "motor-voter" bill and Congress's campaign finance reform package both serve only to retrench the old guard.

Congress intends to pass a campaign finance reform package similar to the bill (also known as S.3) vetoed by President Bush last year. The public financing and spending limits in these bills would reinstate the complete provisions of the original S.3044, upon which our present campaign finance system is based. That bill contained mandatory spending limits, limits on independent spending by national parties, and contribution limits. The Senate version of the bill included public financing of congressional campaigns as well.

The Senate's public financing provisions were dropped from S.3044 in the House-Senate conference committee, and the bill's mandatory spending limits were ultimately invalidated by the Supreme Court in *Buckley* v. *Valeo*. Still, what remained of the bill was enough to secure incumbents comfortably in elected office. While the 1974 law outlawed corporate donations and severely limited individual contributions, it gave Political Action Committees—then used primarily by labor unions—a fivefold advantage over individual contributors. While PACs could give $5,000 per candidate, with no overall limit, individuals could give only $1,000 per candidate and no more than $25,000 total.

The predictable result was an explosion in the number and influence of special-interest PACs. In 1974, 608 PACs spent under $20 million on congressional races. By 1988, there were 4,172 PACs pumping $150 million into House and Senate races. The overwhelming majority of this money goes to incumbents. A Federal Election Commission (FEC) study found that, despite (or perhaps in response to) the general public's distaste for politicians in 1992, PAC giving was up 14 percent. In House races incumbents received 97 percent of this PAC money; in the Senate incumbents received 92 percent. As one memo circulated at a company that relies on government contracts explained: "Access to these people is theoretically not bought, but if you want to see them in a timely manner, it is expected for us to make a contribution."

The 1974 "reforms" worked like magic. In 1974, less than 88 percent of House incumbents won reelection. By 1988, that figure had risen to a near-perfect 98.5 percent. The margins also widened. Incumbents unopposed or winning by margins of over 20 points jumped from 69 percent to 86 percent during that period.

The new reforms pick up right where the old ones left off. Congress and the Clinton administration have presented plans that still favor special interest money, but they include as well both the public financing and spending limits that did not survive the first round of reforms. In the jujitsu of congressional reform, failure of a portion of the earlier

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

approach justifies its consummation. Disgust with the special-interest politics engendered by the 1974 bill prompted Congress to promise that a few hundred million more tax dollars will cleanse the corruptive influence of private sector money from elections. Of course, public financing also places the purse strings of election financing in its own capable hands.

Tax money will finance qualifying House candidates with matching funds (equaling the first $200 of individual contributions) and House and Senate races with postal subsidies and vouchers for television air time. Spending limits are set at $600,000 for House races and from $950,000 to $5.5 million for Senate races. The theoretically voluntary spending limits are expected to pass constitutional muster this time around, but candidates whose opponents exceed the limits receive lavish direct federal aid. The House is now as enthusiastic to use tax money for campaigning as was the Senate's biggest public financing proponent, Ted Kennedy, back in 1974, when he contended that public financing could "end the corrosive and corruptive influence of private money in public life."

The same animus suffused the halls of Congress again when S.3 was debated last year. Public financing combined with spending limits was preached by supporters of last year's campaign finance bill as the way to "end the money chase." This is perplexing because incumbents don't need to engage in a "money chase." Many incumbents begin campaign season with a war chest left over from the previous election that exceeds the entire amount most challengers will raise. This not only scares off prospective challengers, but also, when the going gets tough for incumbents (as with the 1992 elections), enables them to battle their opponents with buckets of money. In 1992, 36 incumbents spent over one million dollars apiece—six times the number of seven-figure spenders in 1990. This includes many eminent advocates of the $600,000 spending limits in the House portion of last year's campaign finance reform bill. Among these are Democratic Representatives Steny Hoyer and Martin Frost ($1.5 million each) and David Bonior ($1.3 million). Indeed, the House sponsor of the campaign "reform" bill, Sam Gejdenson, spent nearly a million. And it is not as though they were backed against the wall by big-spending challengers. Their opponents all spent less than 20 percent of the money they did.

Public financing will give incumbents the kind of security they now enjoy without the distasteful indignity of grubbing for money from special interests. It would also make them nearly as insulated from the special interests as they now are from the average voter. Congressionally written campaign laws have historically cultivated private money sources favorable to incumbents. Public financing will force taxpayers to spend millions on the election campaigns of every qualifying candidate, while increasing elected officials' control of the money. Having incumbents write campaign laws is certainly a conflict of interest.

While public money eases campaigning chores for incumbents, spending limits will chasten ambitious challengers. Challengers need to raise a threshold amount (at least $200,000) before even gaining credibility and name recognition. Incumbents begin with both. Given that incumbents start the race with a healthy lead, the reform bill's spending limits could prevent challengers from mounting the kind of campaign needed to overcome it.

Moreover, incumbent congressmen already have enormous taxpayer-funded resources at their disposal. Amazingly, the spending restrictions in the new reform proposals overlook all of these. For example, though ostensibly not for campaign purposes, the flood of franked mail peaks directly prior to elections, as near as the law allows. In 1990, the House exceeded its $44 million-dollar franked mail budget by some $31 million. The House appropriated a whopping $80 million for its postage costs for 1992, plus another $32 million for the Senate's. Former Senator Pete Wilson, who called the extensive use of the franking privilege a "clear case of abuse," estimated that the 800 million pieces of mail Congress sent out in 1988 weighed as much as 746 Greyhound buses. Only about 8 percent of this is in direct response to constituent inquiries. Taxpayers also pay for an incumbent's full-time staff and office in his home district, a television studio on Capitol Hill, travel, and hundreds of other things. Incumbents enjoy lavish free media coverage, and few others can keep receiving their paychecks while running a full-time campaign.

Of course, the complex funding scheme is fraught with loopholes, such as exemptions on fundraising limits for administrative expenses or costs incurred in complying with the bill's complex bookkeeping and legal burdens. And, of course, those who wrote the rules will best know how to exploit the loopholes. The burden of complying with all the administrative minutiae will detract from legitimate political activities, particularly for political novices. And enforcement will run from spotty to nonexistent (the Federal Election Commission, which now only enforces spending limits on the presidential race, was still cleaning up accounts from the 1988 presidential campaign in mid-1992) or else the election bureaucracy will have to be vastly expanded to cover the approximately 1,000 more races every four years. The bottom line: the new campaign finance bill will mean more tax dollars, more government control, and inevitably, less competitive elections.

The other election reform bill, already passed by the House and Senate, is the "motor-voter" bill. The bill requires states to: one, register as voters those renewing or applying for a driver's license; two, allow voter registration by mail; and, three, open registration sites at public assistance agencies and at military recruitment offices. In typical fashion, these mandates to the states are not funded. States struggling with their own deficits will have to expend scarce funds to meet the new federal dictates and to keep a lid on the voting fraud that the new processes will encourage. It is almost impossible to prevent fraud with mail-in registration, while the driver's license registration would have insured the gentleman who detonated a rental truck under the World Trade Center of his right to vote. States are *not* allowed to require proof of citizenship of registrants.

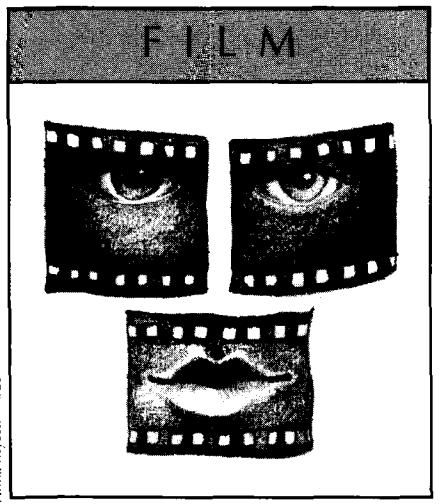
The Congressional Budget Office (CBO) has estimated that the bill will cost the federal government about $4.5 million each year. However, it will cost each state an average of $20 to $25 million per year for the first five years, plus a possible one-time cost of $60 to $70 million to computerize registration lists. The states could also be made liable for lawsuits resulting from state violations of the bill's provisions.

Both the motor-voter bill and the new campaign finance reforms calcify the po-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

litical status quo under the guise of reform. President Clinton cannot claim to be a reformer by acquiescing to a congressional desire to rig elections. Rather than "reinvent" government, Congress and the administration appear set to reinstate themselves as our governing elite.

Steven Schwalm writes from Washington, D.C.



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Metaflicks

by David R. Slavitt

Jurassic Park
Produced by Kathleen Kennedy and Gerald R. Molen
Directed by Steven Spielberg
Screenplay by Michael Crichton and David Koepp
Released by Universal

The Fugitive
Produced by Arnold Kopelson
Directed by Andrew Davis
Screenplay by Jeb Stuart and David Twohy
Released by Warner Brothers

Robert Warshow, one of the best critics of film we ever had (all serious moviegoers should read his collected essays, *The Immediate Experience*), wrote that the most difficult thing about reviewing movies is "admitting that you were there." I thought I understood that gnomic pronouncement 30 years ago when I realized, one dreary morning in a Manhattan screening room where I sat drinking coffee, nibbling on a Danish pastry, and watching Annette Funicello cavort in some beach party movie, that . . . I was enjoying myself. One way or another, I would have to contrive a way of admitting that.

But I have been reconsidering Warshow's reviewers' koan, because I have come to understand that it is more complicated than I thought—perhaps even more complex than he thought. The tricky word is "there." Where? The obvious answer is in the theater (or screening room) up on the screen, where a work of art is filtering down through the enlivened motes in the air from the projectionist's booth behind us.

But the moviemakers know better. The movie, the big movie anyway, is everywhere, in the snippets we see on the *Tonight Show*, or in the trailers and ads, or even on the giveaway novelties at MacDonald's. A big movie floats through the ether, and much of its transaction occurs before the patron has entered the theater. The producers and the writers have bet millions of dollars on the accuracy of their reading of our dreams, which is what they are manipulating and selling back to us, and above and beyond the commercial hype there is a kind of Jungian collective unconscious on which the movies draw and to which they also of course contribute.

In the case of two of the commercially successful films of this past summer, the dream is easily definable, a clear theme on which the screenplay and the direction were mere embellishments. In the case of *Jurassic Park*, what we have is an elaborate revision of Frankenstein—which is to say, an expression of the ordinary person's suspicion (and resentment) of the arrogance of scientists and intellectuals. On the one hand, there is the scientists' belief in progress; on the other, there is our commonsense understanding of the inexorability of the operation of Murphy's Law. Something will go wrong. The clumsy assistant will produce the wrong brain, or the venal and disloyal assistant will—most implausibly—turn off the electrical fences and the computerized security devices. Then there's carnage, which is the fault of the overweening pride of these guys in their white coats. And then order is restored.

Spielberg's film is not very interesting, not even very amusing to watch. There are a few impressive special effects, but those don't sustain our attention for more than a few minutes. But to talk about what was up on the screen is to miss the movie's presence, a strange phenomenon that ranged up and down the cultural scale from the Dino-sized fries and the Jurassic Park souvenirs for the kiddies to pompous intellectual pieces in prestigious journals—like Stephen Jay Gould's in the *New York Review of Books*, which tells us not to worry, that you can't really graft strands of dinosaur DNA into frog embryos and produce a triceratops. (Who really thought so?) There was even an op-ed piece in the *New York Times* to explain that Crichton's book and screenplay hadn't allowed enough time for animals of such size and tonnage to have matured from these manipulated ova and to have reached their fighting and maiming weights.

The bothersome part of it, though, is at the other end, the lucrative world of the kiddie toys, tie-in books, and souvenirs. The Jurassic Park souvenirs are like trinkets from the Titanic, after all. As the film makes clear, the park is a disaster and is destroyed. But the kids mostly don't know this, or they oughtn't. I was pleased to hear that one of my children had gone to check out the movie to see whether it was too violent for his seven-year-old son (and he decided that it was—even gratuitously so, mentioning in particular the shot in which the fleeing girl feels a hand on her shoulder, thinks it means that she now has an ally and savior, but then discovers it to be a discarded morsel from one of the technicians: an altogether cheap and contrived horror-show gesture). Many parents, I should expect, made such a judgment. They may have been able to protect their children from the movie, but there was no way on earth that they could shield them from the metamovie.

In *The Fugitive* there is the memory of the television series of the 1960's. . . . But no, not just the 60's, for the series and David Janssen's Dr. Richard Kimble are still running on A&E every afternoon at four o'clock Eastern time, as energetically and absurdly as ever. With the passage of the years, the show seems woefully clumsy: each program begins with a teaser, a small snippet from the climax, and there is crudely intrusive narration to explain to us what they have already shown us vividly enough. The dream—or nightmare—which is hardly subtle, is that the government, the Establishment,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the system is capricious, unreliable, and often wrong, and that any of us might drop through the cracks, lose his credentials, his identity, his very right to exist. In each episode, Dr. Kimble is teased out of his anonymous work as a carnival roustabout or a bartender when he encounters some other poor slob who was also the victim of an injustice. Kimble finds himself getting involved in this other person's troubles, and then, because of the decency and goodness of his actions, he discovers that he is suddenly at risk himself. The best parts of the show are the cuts at the end of each 12-minute-long segment—Quinn Martin programs like this and *Hawaii Five-O* grandiosely labeled the stuff between commercials as "Acts," and the graphic that marks each curtain is a five-second cut of Kimble running, down an alley or across a gully. That is the locus of our horror, the quick glimpse of a world external to the puerile contrivances of the television script, in which a man is running, or walking slowly and deliberately not running. Such a flash is all that remains after some nightmares and what stayed in our minds after the program had ended, like that dot that used to remain on the screen after you turned off the set.

The dot is back as a megabucks movie, with Harrison Ford as Kimble and Tommy Lee Jones as the relentless marshal, Sam Gerard. Ford brings to the picture more or less what Janssen brought to the television series—an attractive, rather boyish face (he's a victim, you see) with a deep baritone voice (he is not without such masculine resources as cunning, strength, and perseverance). Tommy Lee Jones's work is interesting, because his character is ambiguous. He's on the wrong side, after all, being the system's enforcer. The plot requires that he be outwitted, outmaneuvered, and outrun at each confrontation (otherwise the film is over) but it can't ever have him looking like an utter boob.

The Fugitive is a nice little picture, but its best parts are its nostalgic looks back at the series. The television show managed to exploit locations, and the suggestion it made of the underbelly of the world was quite convincing as they gave us Janssen darting through automobile graveyards, railroad yards, and other Antonioni-esque industrial wastelands. This was always television's natural forte, I think. In *Hawaii Five-O* or *The Streets of San Francisco*, there was a certain energy the producers managed to wring from the dissonance between the attractive surroundings and the sordid goings-on that the cops were investigating. In *The Fugitive*, we had an even more interesting series of possibilities in that the hero had been broken in rank from high status doc to lumpenprole. It was bargain-basement Camus, and that made up for a lot of the dopey artificiality of the scripts.

In the film, we get one chase sequence in the pipes and conduits of a dam where there is a clever kind of wave back to the series and then beyond to its ancestor Javert in *Les Misérables*. There is also a nice moment when Kimble is inspecting a cheaply furnished room he declares to be "perfect," but there isn't as much exploitation of the déclassé pathos as there ought to have been. We do get some spectacular and expensive movie stuff the television producers would have loved to use—a splendid crash of a train and a bus, for instance—but their financial constraints worked, I think, to their advantage, as constraints often do in art. Not having the big budget for spectacle, they had to fall back on the emotional truth of Kimble's situation, which was what the audiences wanted anyway.

By sheer coincidence (not!), A&E happened to run the two-hour concluding episode of *The Fugitive* the evening after the film opened, and one could compare the conclusion of the series, in which Kimble finds the one-armed man, with the movie version. The final TV episode was utterly dopey, and, worse, irrelevant to the important energy of all the earlier episodes. It's an altogether pointless story of a friend's cowardice and betrayal: the friend was there in the house, saw the murder, could have cleared Dr. Kimble, but was embarrassed about having to admit that he froze in terror and did nothing to protect Mrs. Kimble from the attack of the one-armed burglar. What's wrong here is that, all during the series, there are small acts of kindness in which people acknowledge their debt to Kimble, or their liking for him, and shield him from the authorities. Strong and shrewd as he may be, Kimble's luck sometimes runs out and he must depend on the kindness of strangers—who do in fact help him. What the series was offering was its assertion of these personal decencies over and against the unthinking and relentless bureaucratic persecution. This was consistent with and supportive of the show's underlying paranoid fantasy. The only good part of the concluding episode is the locale of the final shoot-out, an abandoned amusement park—there are garish structures to run around, climb on, and fall from, a benign milieu that has turned suddenly sinister and dangerous, as it did for Joseph Cotten and Orson Welles in *The Third Man*.

In the film, we get a banal notion of conspiracy in which big business is evil, and the bigger the business and the more grandiose its claims, the worse it must be. Therefore, a drug company with sales in the billions is, for all practical purposes, the equivalent of the arch-fiend. (This is perhaps a paradoxical position for companies like Time Warner, Sony, and Transamerica to espouse, but never mind.) Tommy Lee Jones and Harrison Ford wind up playing hide-and-seek in a hotel. The director, Andrew Davis, manages this sequence with brisk efficiency (his previous credits include some Chuck Norris and Steven Seagal action romps), and he wrings some psychic energy out of the abrupt contrast between the luxurious public rooms and guest areas and the service sectors like the laundry. As in the television series, Gerard comes inevitably to realize that Kimble is almost certainly innocent, and he becomes the intermediary between the fugitive and the Chicago police, who want to shoot Kimble on sight.

This is interesting, but it takes the focus away from Kimble. Jones's Gerard steals the movie. Or the one on the screen. Kimble is still the star in the ads—Harrison Ford is running just as in those powerful five-second signature cuts of David Janssen running. That was what we came to see on a big screen. And two days after we've left the theater, if anything has remained, that's what stays in our minds like the white dot.

David R. Slavitt is a poet and novelist living in Philadelphia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Q: How did you go about investigating (Arthur) Schlesinger's research?

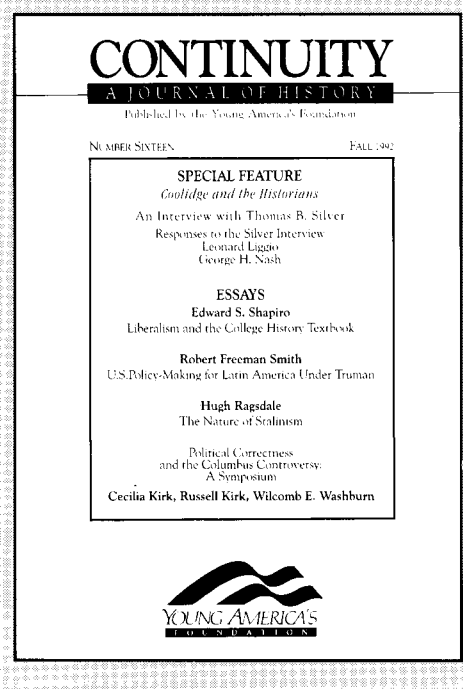
A: I took The Crisis of the Old Order and went through the Coolidge section line by line. I delved into the historical sources to see how Schlesinger's writing squared with the relevant historical documents. What I discovered was that Schlesinger's treatment was almost a complete caricature from beginning to end. Almost every sentence on Coolidge was questionable. I concluded that almost every sentence involved the deliberate or unconscious distortion of the historical record.

CONTINUITY

THE ONLY CONSERVATIVE JOURNAL OF HISTORY IN AMERICA

Want to hear the full story? It's in issue Number 16 of *Continuity*, the only conservative journal of history in America. *Continuity* is published twice yearly by Young America's Foundation and is dedicated to the study of history as a search for truth for its own sake. In every issue we challenge the liberal orthodoxies that dominate the study of history. You'll find essays and interviews by historians such as Forrest McDonald, Russell Kirk, Grady McWhiney, John Lukacs, Paul Gottfried, Robert James Maddox, Edward Shapiro and many more.

Subscribe now and you'll receive a complimentary copy of the last issue of *Continuity* containing the full interview highlighted above. Then we'll start your subscription with the forthcoming issue.



Send this coupon to:

Continuity
c/o Young America's Foundation
The F.M. Kirby Freedom Center
110 Elden Street
Herndon, Virginia 22070

☐ Please enter my subscription to *Continuity* and send me a free copy of Issue Number 16. (Subscription rate is $12.00 for one year; $20.00 for two years.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ I have enclosed a check for $_____ for my ____ year subscription to *Continuity*.

Please make checks payable to Young America's Foundation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER!

CELEBRATE REAL AMERICAN HEROES!

SCRATCH AIDS AWARENESS WEEK AND RAINBOW HISTORY MONTH AND SPEND NEXT YEAR REMEMBERING THE REALLY IMPORTANT PEOPLE AND EVENTS THAT MADE US WHO WE ARE—FROM THE JAMESTOWN LANDING TO THE MOON LANDING, FROM THE FIRST SHOT FIRED ON FORT SUMTER TO BABE RUTH'S 60TH HOMER.

DECORATED WITH 12 OF CHRONICLES' MOST EFFECTIVE COVERS, THE CALENDAR MAKES A GREAT HOLIDAY GIFT. IT'S A YEAR-LONG HISTORY LESSON ON THE FAITH AND COURAGE OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN. ORDER NOW, AND START A CULTURAL REVOLUTION IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER

(Shipping and Handling Charges Included)

QTY.	COST
1	$ 15
2	$ 25
5	$ 50
10	$ 80

TO ORDER BY CREDIT CARD, CALL:

OR SEND YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
CHRONICLES CALENDAR,
934 NORTH MAIN STREET, ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS 61103

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED